

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,591

MAY 26, 1900

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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EDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS  
"The Relief of Mafeking" and  
"Sport and Manœuvres in Northern India"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



The good news that Mafeking had been relieved reached the Charterhouse School at Godalming about half-past nine on Friday night, and house after house took up the cheering that proclaimed the tidings. The boys had begun to retire for the night, but all thoughts of bed were dismissed, and endless demonstrations were made by the boys, who called for cheers for General Baden-Powell

—"Good old Bathing Towel" they called him, that being his nickname when he was a boy at Charterhouse. The cheers were accompanied by bugles, horns, the beating of tin boxes and forms with fire-irons, in short, with everything that was capable of making a noise

THE RELIEF OF MAFFKING: CHARTERHOUSE MAD WITH JOY

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



## Topics of the Week

**Mafeking** ALTHOUGH a week has elapsed since the news of the relief of Mafeking sent an electric thrill, through the whole Empire, the story of the gallant defence of the little Bechuana town, and of its remarkably clever rescue, is still on everybody's lips. Some of our censorious friends on the Continent have been good enough to deplore the ecstasies with which the triumph of General Baden-Powell and his brave garrison has been received in this country. They see something neurotic in our wild joy, and they gloomily trace in it a transformation of the British character which leads them to foretell an early dissolution of the Empire. All roads lead to Rome, and in the jaundiced mind of the Continental Anglophobe every fact in the contemporary history of this country points inexorably to its proximate and inevitable doom. The other day, when Ladysmith and Kimberley and Mafeking were all iron-bound with Boer trenches and "Long Toms," when bragging commandos were annexing British territory right and left, we heard that the British Colossus was rocking helplessly on his feet of clay. When General Buller was driven back from Colenso and Spion Kop we were asked to bear witness to the decay of all those masculine qualities which had planted the Union Jack on every Continent and on countless islands in every sea. Now that we display something of a Continental emotion at what appears to us a triumphant vindication of British valour and tenacity of purpose, we are told that we have lost our *phlegme*, that the poison of Jingoism has entered our veins, and that national dementia is impending over us. It is, perhaps, true that the enthusiasm displayed by the British public during the last week has been phenomenal, although we have heard that the news of the fall of Sebastopol was not received in absolutely stony silence by our fathers. But is it not probable that the gloomy vaticinations of our foreign friends are in some measure responsible for our excess of jubilation? When the whole world has for months dinned into our ears that we are a decadent people, when we have listened, day after day, with a measure of self-accusing humility, to homilies on our sinfulness and consequent impotence, should we not be something less than human if the discovery that all these terrible theories were so much moonshine did not lead us to rejoice exceedingly? Mafeking has been the supreme test of the whole theory of British degeneracy. The war has produced plenty of other confutations, but none has been so complete as this. The British soldier has vindicated his character for pluck and daring on other fields, and British generalship has shown in the Free State, at least, that it has lost nothing of its cunning, but in all these cases the resources of both have been overwhelming. At Mafeking the conditions were, in this respect, reversed. There the little garrison had to contend with almost overpowering odds. It had to hold a fort so remote that all Lord Roberts's legions seemed powerless to prevent its collapse. And yet it did not fail. Baden-Powell and his gallant men have shown that British pluck and endurance and patriotism have nothing to learn from the most splendid pages of our island story. They have written in this final year of the nineteenth century a page of military history which will live with the most glorious annals of the Empire. They have shown that the qualities of their conquering fathers live undiminished in the Englishmen of to-day. On the other hand, the veteran Field-Marshal who planned their rescue with so much deftness and with so finished a subtlety has vindicated British military science. The problem before him was one of immense difficulty and delicacy. There are few finer things in military history than the skill and perfect calculation with which it was solved. Surely in these circumstances we may be excused if we throw our caps in the air and shout ourselves hoarse.

**Traders and Railway Rates** IN an important case decided last week by the Railway Commission, the trading community gained a distinct victory over the railway companies. The points at issue, however, were not of the first magnitude, and the decision leaves the main cause of quarrel still untouched. The

root fact is, that railway companies and their customers look at the question of railway rates from two widely separated points of view. The companies contend that their business is not to act as philanthropists, nor even to develop the trade of the country, but to earn a dividend for their shareholders; the traders insist that the railway companies are public servants, and should not be allowed to kill trade by levying extravagant rates. It is, of course, arguable that the companies might do better for themselves as well as for the public by lowering their charges, but in the absence of positive proof to the contrary one is bound to assume that the companies know their own business best. The truth is that the trouble with the railway companies goes back to their very building. English railways have cost on the average at least double as much to build as German railways, and for the greater part of this extra cost there is absolutely nothing to show. It is dead capital on which interest must be paid though it brings in nothing. It is accounted for by the monstrous prices that were paid to landowners for the land on which the lines are laid, and to lawyers for obtaining from Parliament permission

to build the lines at all. If it were by any manner of means possible to write off these heavy charges, doubtless the English companies would be able, and possibly they would be willing, to carry goods and passengers as cheaply as they are carried on the Continent. Failing such a drastic remedy as this English traders would do well to note how grievously the possibilities of canals have been neglected in this country, whereas in France and Germany canals are constantly being extended and improved. The creation of an efficient canal service, independent of railway control, would do more to bring down railway rates than a hundred Acts of Parliament.

**The Plague at Port Said**

THE recrudescence of plague in Egypt and its increased virulence in Australia give renewed warning to humanity that this terrible scourge has a faculty for taking instant advantage of any abatement of sanitary precautions. It appeared to have entirely vanished from Port Said and Alexandria; not a single case occurred to excite suspicion of its continued existence. Similarly, in Australia, all indications justified anticipation that the pest was dying out. On the other hand, it then burst forth with renewed vigour at Bombay and Mauritius, where, odd to say, it is now on the dwindle. The moral to be deduced from these erratic visitations is that remedial measures should be continued without pause long after the disease seems to have been extirpated. Medical science still knows next to nothing about "the Black Death," but it has made discovery, at all events, that purity of air and clean surroundings are its sworn foes. Possibly, there may have been some relaxation of sanitary vigilance and energy in Egypt and Australia; on that point, the most searching inquiry should be forthwith instituted. The plague, like other epidemics, has laws of its own, and humanity has the deepest interest in learning their exact nature as soon as may be. For instance, it is still a matter for blind guessing why the coming of hot weather in India, which always helps the ravages of Asiatic cholera, invariably operates to diminish those of the plague.

**The Coming Yacht Season**

ALTHOUGH the yacht-racing programme which has begun this week does not present any sensational events, it promises to prove fairly interesting. Some of the new craft are expected to show phenomenal speed, and it is farther rumoured that Sir Thomas Lipton's next challenger for the America Cup will be designed on lines more or less adapted from those of the most successful cutters during the present season. Fresh endeavour will probably be made to bring back schooner racing into vogue. Last year's attempt was not, it must be confessed, a success; even the most favourable handicaps could not bring the two-stickers and the one-stickers together. Yet it was an American schooner which carried off from the then fleetest of British cutters the trophy on which our Transatlantic cousins set such great store, and it is not quite easy to understand why there should now be such vast inequality between the two rigs in speed. The German Emperor seems to consider that this need not be the case; when he gave his famous clipper, the *Meteor*, a second small mast, and thus converted her into a yawl, he had no occasion to do so by reason of her being unsuccessful as a cutter. On the contrary, the beautiful boat had proved herself the fastest of her rig in Europe, but the Kaiser probably foresaw possibility of some Yankee racing machine coming over, and so provided against that danger by entitling his champion to yawl time allowances. Be that as it may, the two-masted *Meteor* undoubtedly proved faster and more weatherly last season than the one-masted *Meteor* had done previously, although then newer from her building yard.

## "THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

### SPECIAL NUMBERS.

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## "One Cheer More!"

WHILE London in its quiet suburbs was thinking about going to bed last Friday night there arose in the streets a noise and a shouting—sometimes near and sometimes distant—that set people's hearts beating and brought them to the windows. For the greater part of a week people had been breathlessly waiting for news of a little village far away on the African veldt, and men and women and children asked themselves as they heard the noise in the streets outside if it could be that the news had come at last. People came from the windows to the doors—the noise was growing louder—and presently the distant shout of the newspaper boys, hardly heard at night for many weeks past, began to join the other sounds. Then London doubted no longer—Mafeking was relieved!—and men and women began to pour out of the houses.

Most people decided upon Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and the Strand as the most appropriate places in which to exhibit their feelings. There certainly were demonstrations in the suburbs, but those who did not stop for them might well have believed that all the world was, like themselves, marching towards the heart of London. Cycles dashed by in scores, the carriages from evening parties turned east instead of west, the theatres emptied into the streets, but nobody wanted to go home; the clubs filled and crowded gathered round the tapes and bulletin boards; streams of people came pouring through the parks towards the one centre. It was in the parks, perhaps, that the strangeness and wonder of the thing struck one most sharply. For in these great spaces, with no rattle of traffic to be heard, one could hear the waves of distant cheering beating all round one like the sound of an incoming tide.

### BEFORE THE MANSION HOUSE

London is so huge that there was room in it for dozens of independent demonstrations, each of which may have seemed to those who were present at them the real centre of enthusiasm. But probably the foci of greatest interest were four:—Fleet Street, where the newspaper offices were the distributing agencies of the news; Pall Mall, where people flocked for confirmation of it; Piccadilly Circus, which is to London very much what the marketplace is to Cambridge; and the Mansion House, which has lately become a rallying point on occasions when London feels that it must cheer. Perhaps the strangest of all these sights was at the Mansion House. At ten o'clock the space bounded by the Exchange, the Bank, and the Mansion House—these pillars of the Constitution—is usually quite deserted. Empty omnibuses, stopping as a mere matter of form, and a score of foot-passengers form the total of both its stationary and moving population. At half-past nine on Friday night a telephonic message reached the Lord Mayor, and immediately an illuminated portrait of Colonel Baden-Powell was placed in position in front of the Mansion House. A quarter of an hour later the police had to be hurriedly summoned to keep something approaching a clear passage through a surging crowd or the omnibuses, and by ten o'clock the square was impassable. The deserted City had furnished a host in a moment, and as the minutes passed the crowd became more and more dense. They produced Union Jacks, like a conjurer, from nowhere; they sang every song which could be supposed to bear remotely on the occasion, and they induced the Lord Mayor to make a speech. If he had consented he might have been making speeches until one o'clock in the morning, for that was about the time at which the enthusiasts began to remember their trains.

### FLEET STREET AND THE STRAND

The scene, with the speech left out, was very much the same in the Strand. Perhaps it began outside the newspaper offices, where the crowds came in search of intelligence, but it spread Westwards with the rapidity of a prairie fire. The omnibuses became convenient platforms from which to cheer. The display of red, white and blue suggested that the people had been carrying the British flag in their pockets for days, only waiting for the signal to brandish it triumphantly. The late editions of the newspapers announcing the long-awaited event were bought up feverishly, and there was a strong rivalry for the possession of the contents bills which bore the words of "Relief of Mafeking" in large letters. A man who could secure one of these was instantly elevated into the position of a leader of a procession. The theatres now began to contribute their units to the glad throng. At most of these places there had been scenes—at Covent Garden, where the Prince and Princess of Wales came to the front of their box while the house sang the National Anthem; at the Prince of Wales's, where the delivery of a sentence incidental to the play, "At last you bring me good news," was hailed by a joyous house as miraculously appropriate to the occasion, and cheered again and again. There was no theatre where "God Save the Queen" was not sung—generally in a different key to the band; but, on the whole, the people found the theatres quite inadequate for the expression of their feelings, and came out into the open air. Some went into the restaurants, where their proceedings were regarded with an apprehensive eye by the proprietors, who have reason to regard national celebrations as not altogether unmixed blessings. There was a joyous scene at the Savoy. At one table in the restaurant a party of British officers who have been invalided home, wounded, from South Africa were supping. At another table a party from the Russian Embassy were sitting. Suddenly one of the Russian gentlemen said something to the leader of the orchestra, who began to play the National Anthem, and the Russians, both ladies and gentlemen, came over and surrounded the table of the British officers. They cheered them, drank their healths, and in a few minutes the whole of the tables had joined in the celebration.

### WESTWARD

Meanwhile the triumph was surging westwards, and west and east met in Piccadilly and in Pall Mall at the War Office. There was nearly an army corps outside the War Office. It had come chiefly for information. Failing that, it cheered Baden-Powell, and sang at recurring intervals. It was an army corps with mobile wings which paraded up and down on the flanks of the main body, singing, cheering, waving flags. The wings every now and then fell back on their supports and demanded that the War Office should open its doors. "A pretty thing this is," remarked the British public, "that a private agency can get intelligence quicker than the Government," and illogical as this view was there were many minutes after midnight when it was the popular view. In fact there were moments when the crowd would have cheerfully broken the War Office windows. That, however, is not the British way, and the throng relieved its feelings only by groaning at intervals. It was a patient crowd really, and a most good-humoured one. It was of all classes; ladies in opera cloaks passed through it, and men in evening dress. It was boisterous, and some young ladies who were not precisely of



POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 3d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 6d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
PARIS EXHIBITION 14-DAY EXCURSIONS. Via Newhaven, Dieppe, and the Valley of the Seine. (1 and 2 Class) SATURDAY, June 2, from Victoria and London Bridge 10.9 a.m. and (1, 2, and 3 Class) Friday, June 1, and Sunday, June 1, 2 and 3, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.30 p.m. Fares, 3d., 2d., 1d., 3d., 2d., 1d., 2d., 1d.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT WHITSUNTIDE.  
Roads and Scenery recommended to Cyclists. SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS.  
TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, June 1 to 4. Fares, 2s., 1s., available to return up to June 6.  
TO CAEN from London Bridge and Victoria, Wednesday, May 30, 8.50 p.m., Saturday, June 2, from Victoria 1.30 p.m., London Bridge 2.5 p.m. Fares, 2s., 1s. Available for return the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. Full Particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

EPSOM RACES, May 29 to June 1.  
The quickest route to the Races is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., to Epsom Downs Race Course Station.  
EXPRESS TRAINS on all four days of the Races, also Extra First-class Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.  
THROUGH BOOKINGS from principal Stations on the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern and Midland Railways. The Trains of these Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington Stations in connection with Special Trains to Epsom Downs Station.  
EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS to Epsom Town Station will also run during.

THE SPECIAL EXPRESS TICKETS may be obtained on and from Saturday, May 26, at the Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street, and Hotel Buildings, and 6, Arthur Street East, which offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m., May 28, 29, 30, and 31, and at Hay's, 26, Old Bond Street, and Royal Exchange Buildings.  
Full Particulars see Time Book, or address Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S.C. Ry., London Bridge.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.  
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

Cheap Excursions will be run from Euston, Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, and other London Stations as follows:—  
On THURSDAY, May 31, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Antrim, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Killybegs, Killybegs, Killybegs, Killybegs, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, Omagh, Portlough, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.  
On FRIDAY NIGHT, June 1, to CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crieff, Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dumfries, Dundee, Dundalk, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourock, Grantown, Greenock, Hawick, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer, Strathgaffier, Whithorn, Wigton, and other places in Scotland, returning June 5 and 6, or within 16 days.

On LIVERPOOL, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Morecambe, Maryport, Carnforth, the English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Douglas (Isle of Man), via Liverpool, &c., for 3, 7, 10, or 14 days.  
On Ashton, Batley, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Bradford, Carlisle, Carnforth, Great Wharfedale, the English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Halifax, Huddersfield, Lancaster, Leeds, Liverpool, Lytham, Manchester, Morecambe, Northwich, Oldham, Preston, Rochdale, Runcorn, St. Annes, Southport, Stalford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Wigan, &c., for 3, 7, 10, or 14 days.  
On Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, for 3 days.  
On SATURDAY, June 2, to Douglas (Isle of Man), via Fleetwood, for 3, 7, or 10 days.

On Abergele, Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Bittern, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, Church Stretton, Colwyn Bay, Conwy, Corwen, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Denbigh, Dolgellau, Harlech, Holyhead, Holywell, Llanberis, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Llangefnog, Llangamarch Wells, Llanrwst, Llanwrtyd Wells, Newtown, Oswestry, Penmaenau, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Rhyl, Ruthin, Sharncliffe, Towyn, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., for 3, 7, 10, and 14 days.

On Bangor, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Llandilo, Llandoverly, Merthyr Tydfil, Tredegar, &c., for 3 or 7 days.  
On Burnley, Burnley, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, Leicester, Macclesfield, North Staffordshire Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Thorne Cloud (for Dove Dale), Whitby, &c., for 3, 5, and 7 days.  
On CRDAY NIGHT, June 2, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Kenilworth, Leamington, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton, returning June 4, 7, and 9.  
On 4, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington, for 2 days.  
On SATURDAY, June 4 (from Euston and Willesden) to Birmingham, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, for 1, 2, 4, or 6 days.  
On SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, June 7 (from Euston only), to Manchester, for 2 days.  
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BALLIOL SALMON /00

On Friday night, as the news that Mafeking was relieved spread, so throngs of people seemed to wend their way to the West End, and processions, numbering thousands, marched towards Piccadilly. Everybody went mad with delight. There was no restraining the general enthusiasm, and indeed no desire to restrain it. The scenes in the West End were continuously and delightfully uproarious. Some of the demonstrators clambered up the fountain in Piccadilly and there proceeded to cheer and adorn the statue in their own way, defying the police, who had the greatest difficulty in getting them down.

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING: SOME TOO ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATORS IN PICCADILLY

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON





The long and anxiously expected news of the relief of Mafeking reached London at about 9.30 on Friday night. The information was quickly posted by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and though it was long after business hours, within ten or fifteen minutes the crowd had grown to such immense proportions that vehicular traffic had to be diverted into the side streets. Immediately afterwards a huge portrait of the hero of Mafeking was hung out in front of the building. At the foot of this, in large red letters, were the words: "Mafeking is relieved."

The crowds broke into deafening cheering, which scarcely subsided when the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayress, came out on the balcony. There were loud cries for a speech by the Mayor, and the Lord Mayor, who had been in the house for some time, stepped forward and spoke to the crowd. He was greeted with a shout of "Three cheers for Lord Roberts!" When the cheering had continued for five minutes, the Lord Mayor added:—"The people in Kimberley, in

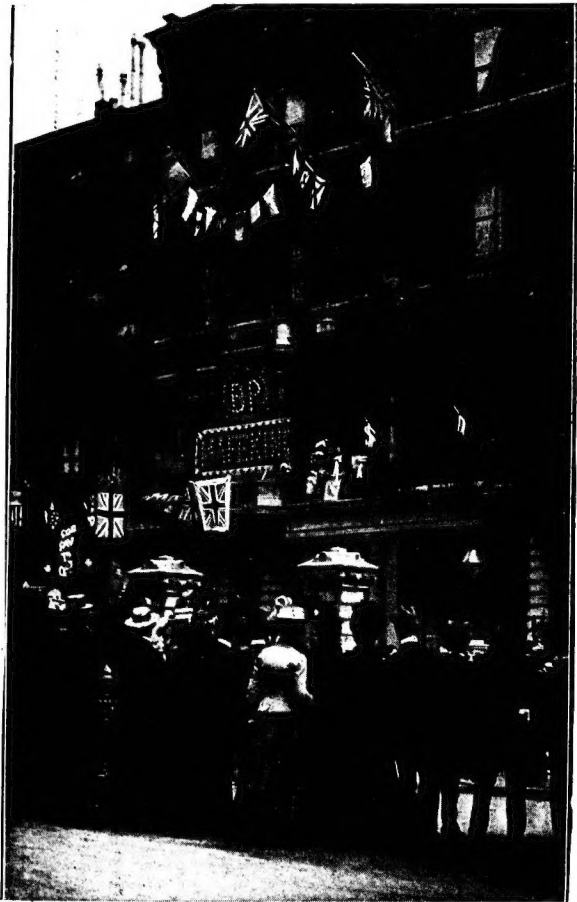
Bloemfontein, and in Mafeking are singing 'God Save the Queen,' now sing it for yourselves." The crowd roared a unanimous "Yes." They sang the National Anthem and then the Lord Mayor, who had been in the house for some time, stepped forward and spoke to the crowd. He was greeted with a shout of "Three cheers for Lord Roberts!" When the cheering had continued for five minutes, the Lord Mayor added:—"The people in Kimberley, in

THE RELIEF OF MAFKING: THE GOOD NEWS ANNOUNCED AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON FRIDAY NIGHT

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



the caste of Vere de Vere hailed it as an opportunity to hit a tall hat with a Union Jack whenever they could see it; but nobody minded. It was a great night for the hatters. Space would fail, however, if one were to chronicle all these symptoms of Friday night's rejoicing. The only one which cannot be omitted was the demonstration outside Mrs. Baden-Powell's house, where



On Saturday Mrs. Baden-Powell's house, 8, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, was a centre of attraction. Fixed in front of the balcony was a long strip of coloured cloth bearing the word "Mafeking" in big letters, and around it were trophies of flags. A large portrait of General Baden-Powell was also displayed, and on each side of it the contents bill of an evening paper bearing only the words "Three Cheers for B.P." Mrs. Baden-Powell more than once acknowledged the cheers of the people. Our photograph is by S. H. Head, Brondesbury

MRS. BADEN-POWELL ACKNOWLEDGING CONGRATULATIONS

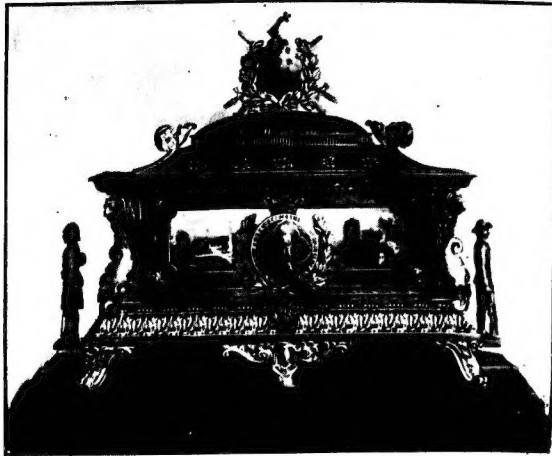
a sympathetic public gathered to keep the family of the hero of Mafeking up till nearly two o'clock in the morning.

On Saturday morning some millions of London's citizens woke up to find what they had missed the night before, and took prompt steps to repair the omission. They came to the Mansion House in numbers surpassing those of the night before; they blocked up the way as it had not been blocked up, even on Ladysmith day; and so as to add a distinct note to the occasion, they made havoc of one another's hats. It would be hard to give a detailed account of the numberless throngs and processions which crowded the streets from eleven o'clock in the morning until long after that hour at night; the only adequate thing to say is that central London was one vast procession for something like twelve hours. One of the most entertaining processions was that which streamed out of Exhibition Road, about noon, and made its enthusiastic way—abetted by the police—to the War Office. It was made up of South Kensington Art students, and the Modelling School led the van. They marched along some hundreds strong, young ladies in their modelling smocks and young men without their hats carrying wreaths of bays and waving palm branches. It hardly seems worth while to mention the Union Jacks. Every one carried a Union Jack on Saturday. In the middle of this procession was a colossal bust of General Baden-Powell crowned with his slouch hat; and in front of the bust crouched the British Lion with mane erect—both of these spirited works of art capitally modelled. There were cornets in the crowd and kettledrums, and they swept down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall like a tornado. In front of the War Office they halted, turned the bust so as to face the astonished statue of Sidney Herbert, and sang "God Save the Queen." That at least is one of the things they sang. Another little scene, conspicuous even among rejoicing that was universal, was that in front of Mrs. Baden-Powell's house, where all day long a crowd remained to pay a compliment to their hero by proxy, and where the hero's mother acknowledged the tribute by holding a species of public reception on the balcony. By the nature of things the rejoicings were those of the man of the street rather than official celebrations, but one of the solemn incidents of the day was the holding of a Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's, where every corner was filled, and where the congregation joined to sing the "Te Deum" and then the Anthem, which is the anthem of a people. It is also worth mentioning that for the first time in its history one of the towers of Westminster Abbey flew the white ensign. Perhaps, however, London reached the apogee of its jubilation at nightfall. The illuminations which had been in preparation for the Queen's birthday were pressed into the service of Mafeking Day, and London became at night a lighted fair. Flags had held the field early in the day; their hour of triumph was succeeded by little red, white and blue windmills, which people stuck in their hats; and these in their turn succumbed in favour to tricolour trumpets. At night the flag, the windmill, the trumpet and confetti—which, by the exercise of a catholic judgment, could be regarded as displaying the

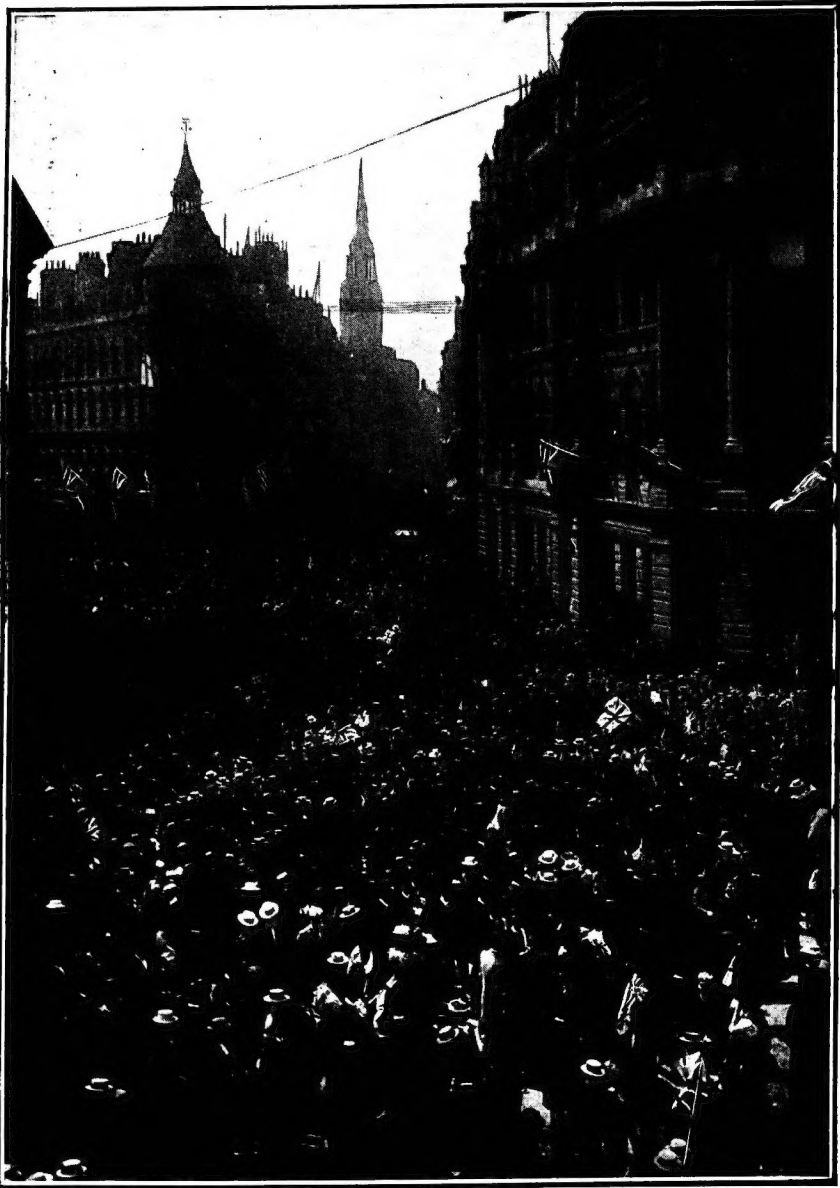
national colours—all joined to turn the night into the day. The crowds grew denser; they grew more noisy; they never seemed to get tired. They packed the music halls to cheer; they rocked the Alhambra, where the Baden-Powell family were assembled, with sound; and they turned out of the music-halls only to cheer once more.

### Presentation to Sir George White

SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., has been presented by the Vestry of Chelsea with a solid silver gilt casket. The casket is oblong in shape with projecting ends; these projections support at one end of the casket a finely-modelled statuette of a Gordon Highlander in South Africa kit, and at the other a trooper of the Imperial Light Horse. The front and reverse of the casket is divided into three panels. The centre panel of the front face of the box contains the Seal of the Vestry richly enamelled in proper colours, whilst below this is a replica of the Victoria Cross. On either side of the Seal are enamelled views of Chelsea, one representing the Royal Hospital and the other the old Church of St. Luke. Upon the reverse, the

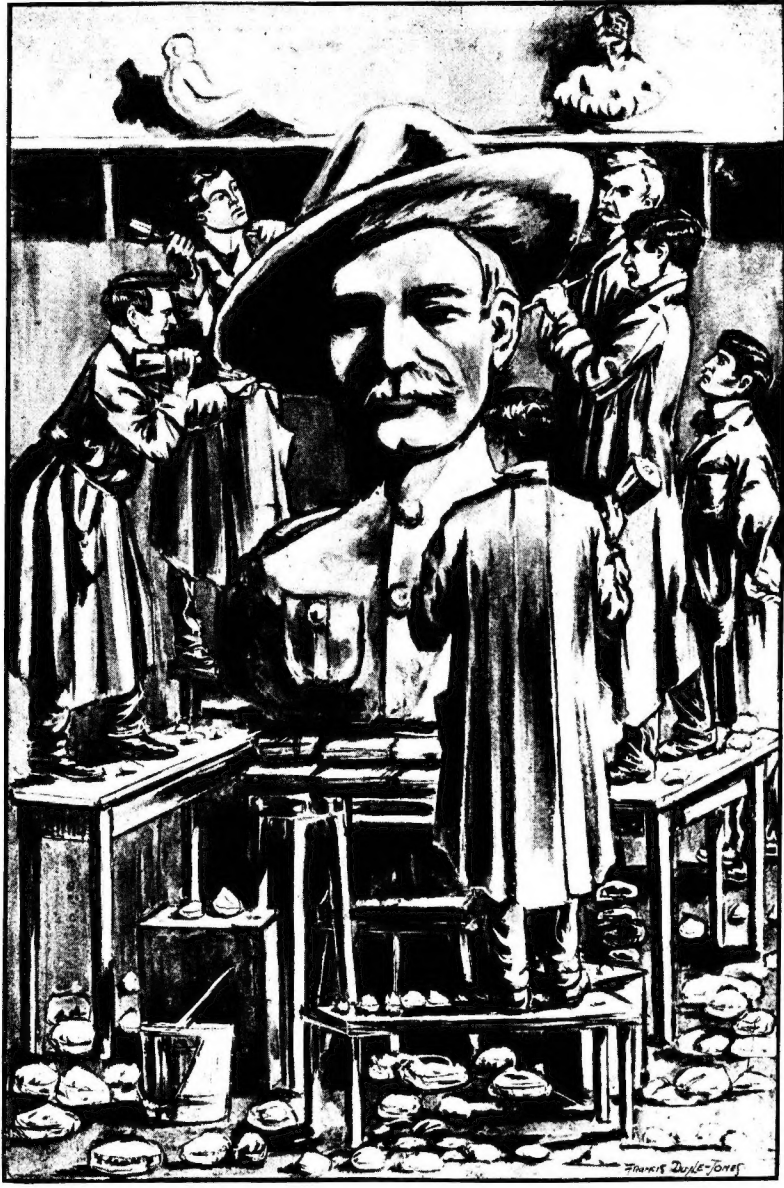


centre panel bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Lieutenant-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., by the Vestry of the Parish of Chelsea in recognition of his brilliant services in the defence of Ladysmith, South Africa. May 15, 1900," and the side panels, enamelled in proper colours, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, and surmounted by the crest of the general. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent Street.



The demonstrations which began on Friday night, when the good news was received, were continued through Saturday. The Mansion House at midday was quite impassable owing to the dense crowds of people who gathered at that point. Our photograph is by R. and J. Beck, Limited, Cornhill

OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE ON SATURDAY



The students of the Royal School of Art at South Kensington had been for days previously labouring to complete a cast of a British lion and a huge plaster bust of General Baden-Powell, which they mounted on a lorry on Saturday morning and dragged round the streets

ART STUDENTS PREPARING FOR THEIR DEMONSTRATION





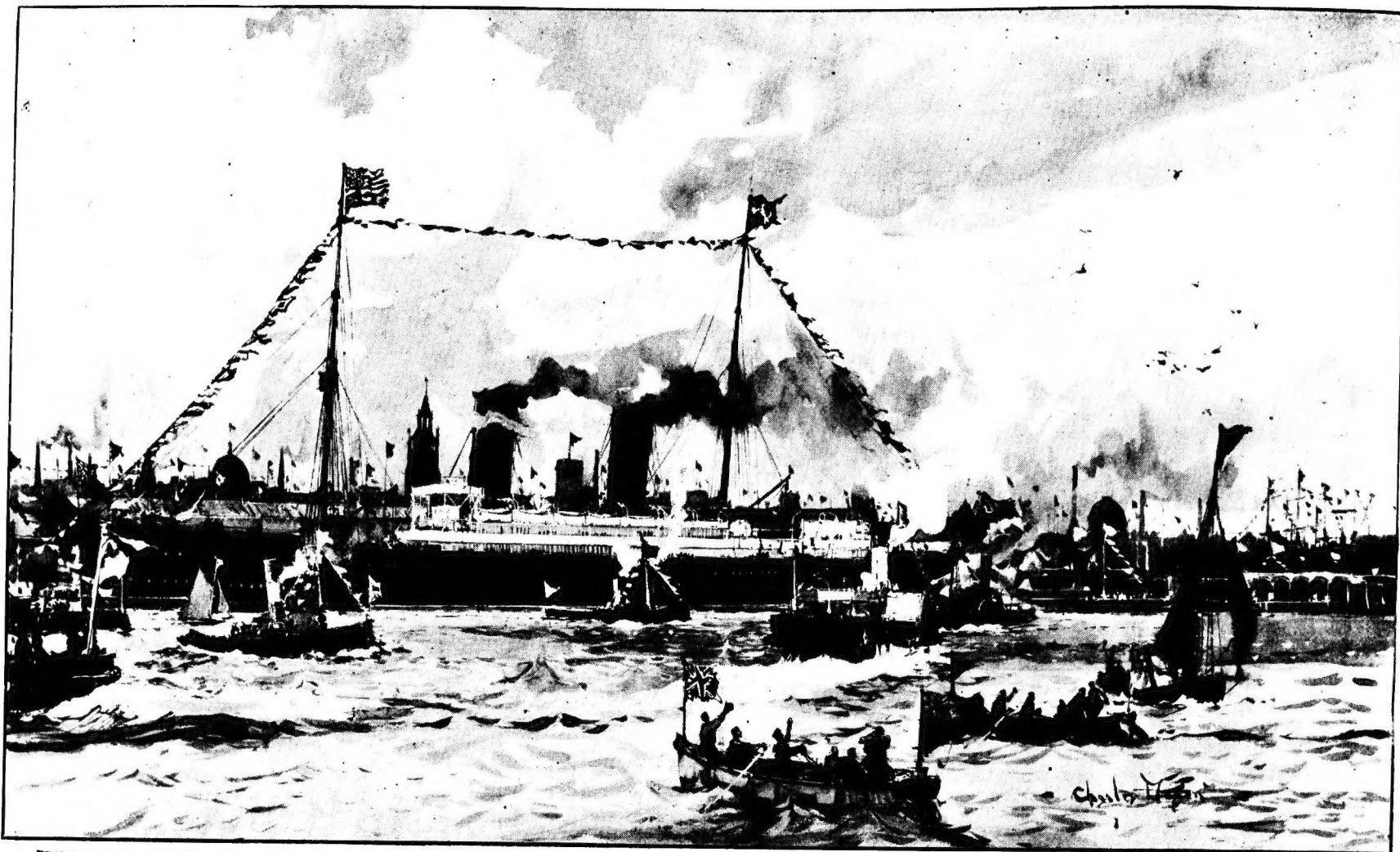
The relief of Mafeking was celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm in Portsmouth. After "closing-time" Commercial Road was thronged with cheering crowds. By common consent the corner of Edinburgh Road was chosen as a suitable halting-place, and until long after midnight the crowd continued to exhibit the most frantic signs of joy. Men and women danced, sang, and shouted, while every man in uniform—be he sailor, soldier, marine, or stoker—was at one time or another hoisted shoulder high by his comrades and carried around amongst the shouting throng. The gallant defender of Mafeking was frequently singled out by some more than usually loud-voiced individual, and the cheers which followed

the mention of the name "Baden-Powell" sent the crowd into still greater ecstasies of delight, and the cheering and "hooraying" were almost deafening. "For he's a jolly good fellow," "Rule Britannia" and "A hot time in the Transvaal to-night" were the favourite airs, but the singers were too wild with excitement to follow any one particular leader until a gang of bluejackets formed up in a ring and started the National Anthem. This supplied the climax, and for the next few minutes the din created by some three thousand throats was something terrific.

"MAFEKING DAY" IN PORTSMOUTH: COMMERCIAL ROAD AT NIGHT

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER





DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

One of the features of "Mafeking Day" at Liverpool was the extraordinary profusion of flags. Seen from the river the city presented a very picturesque aspect, where its usual sombre tints were everywhere enlivened with the gay colouring of the flags. The steamers and ferryboats kept up night and day a constant tooting on their foghorns. The homeward bound vessels soon concluded that Mafeking was relieved. The large vessel in the sketch is the Cunard liner *Lucania*.

#### CELEBRATING THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING AT LIVERPOOL: THE SCENE ON THE RIVER



As soon as the Stock Exchange opened on Saturday a most extraordinary scene was witnessed. Members and clerks appeared quite unable to settle down to business, and they accordingly gave themselves up to all kinds of hilarity. Members shook hands, sang patriotic songs, and, finally, all uncovering,

sang with much fervour the National Anthem. Our illustration is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

#### "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN": CELEBRATING THE GOOD NEWS OF MAFEKING IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE



# CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. P. MARRIOTT WATSON  
Illustrated by G. E. and H. M. BROCK

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harboured criminals, and was himself the most criminal of all—a traitor to his King and country. He was glad to be thrust thus upon his enemy in the heat and ardour of his vengeance; his mind contemplated no mercy, doubted not, nor wavered. Full and with a warm interest Stephen, and the old man



"Warburton stood with the letter in his hand"

## CHAPTER X.

### WARBURTON ENTERS THE HOUSE OF LYNSEA

WARBURTON stood with the letter in his hand, surveying it, in that certain light, with a heart that throbbed beyond its habit. The story of a history spread out before him and narrowed into the distance. There was that in his knowledge now that would string these Carmichaels higher than Haman. He interpreted the story boldly and with wit; there was no chance to go behind it; it seemed a deeper crime still upon that family. Sir Stephen Carmichael, he remembered, had purchased the island some thirteen years before. Whence had he come? No doubt his record might be traced, but it was of no value to trace a record in the past, with the witnesses present to his treason. The man himself had been of Irish blood, and there was the fount of this treachery. On the coast of the Pas de Calais lay the vast army of the English, which had been gathered for the destruction of England. There upon his fleet, but he was known to have agents in the land, spies and go-betweens that would carry him information up the disaffected elements of the kingdom. It had been the hope of those Irish rebels to obtain the assistance of the English for that end a dozen times, and many had been the conspiracies. There was ever a cry across the land for the partisans of the Revolution. Houses had been burned for it, men had died for it, and women had been hanged for it. Well, there was one more house for dishonour, one more for death, and one more woman for tears. He had now the meaning of those kegs of powder so carefully hidden in the vault. Nay, he had a clearer appreciation of the Carmichaels towards himself. They were not only traitors, but they had a deeper secret to guard than even he

Warburton took the letter in his pocket and went back to his food. He had that comatose hog that grunted on the floor. A lively triumph filled and inspired him, and moved him to drink so that he drank deeply and was borne upon brandy and greater intoxication. When he reflected upon what he had done against the Carmichaels he could have laughed aloud. He was restless to be about this business, and, finishing his glass, he hastily over the side of the ship and made his way to the land which he had entered. He went into the night among the junipers with the soft cool of the wind in his face, and that face he set steadily towards the house of the Carmichaels. His brain, usually slow and calm, was now quick and hot now, that he scarcely considered into what he was advancing. Somewhere upon the eastern corners of the island was the cordon moving upon him slowly, quietly, as

irresistibly as Fate. Yet towards this he marched. A cunning thought held him, that they would not look for a second attempt upon the jetty and the cutter, but would trust to finding him hidden in the coverts of that island.

So he picked his road to the valley of the homestead.

The spirit he had drunk mounted in his head, and drove him forward recklessly. He thirsted for an encounter, all his customary prudence dispersed by the ascending fumes; and in the grove of tamarisks, which he had now reached, he turned uncertainly with his gaze towards the invisible house. At length he altered his direction, and instead of moving downward to the beach, began to climb by the devious pathways towards the gardens. The silent, indifferent stars held the sky, free of cloud or wind; outside the gentle sounds of the ocean there was nothing broke the stillness and peace of the homestead. The house stood before him, a dim mass of whiteness, and out of one shining eye poured the rays of a candle in an upper story. He drew nearer, and as he did so noises streamed from the declivities towards the east, betraying to him the approach of the hunters. Laughing softly he crossed the terrace, and put his face against the nearest window, peering in. Then he turned the handle, which gave, and he entered for the first time that house of traitors. He closed the window gently and looked out upon the lawn, and he thought that he could make out a figure passing by. "It was just in time," he said to himself. "None will look for me here, and I shall be free of the boat when they go by." He left the window and felt his way along the wall, until he happened upon a door, which opening, he passed through and found himself in an ill-lighted chamber. It was long and lined to the ceiling with books, a library, the place of a student rather than of smugglers and assassins. Assiduously his glance went about the walls, prying into dark corners, and then, passing the single faintly-burning lamp, lighted upon a grey shadow at the far end of the room.

Sir Stephen Carmichael sat in a huge chair, a book resting on his knee, and his quick fine eyes fastened upon the intruder. He was so still and equable in his bearing that Warburton doubted if he were not asleep or dead, maybe; and that long and shrunken body looked somewhat pitiful and frail, as if inviting compassion, not the deadly penalty of sin. Yet no such thought made any appeal to Warburton, who saw before him one that

serenely master of itself, yet shaken with time passion, his will confronted from something in that iron regard winced and quailed. He had in truth spent uncomfortable days for some time past. Alert as was his fancy, and vigorous his intellect, he paid the debt of his race in a certain odd superstition of mind. He was held by spells, and swayed by signs and tokens which duller blood would not recognise. Luck and fate were not mere words to him, nor even ethereal and intangible abstractions used to mark and cover our ignorance; they were fiercely real, and had fought till now for him with incredible constancy. Yet the advent of this cool-eyed stranger had struck him with doubt, then with impatience, and at last with dismay. He had not realised how greatly separate were these two spirits that differently animated his own race and that of Warburton. The stubbornness of the younger man alarmed him, and above all his trick of secrecy; it loomed formidable before him. Here was no loose, blabbing tongue, with the common English phlegm, but an intolerable and maddening quiet, with good temper, resistance, silence, and a strong will which was apparent in every word or act. Sir Stephen Carmichael was growing old, and suffered physically; and maybe it was in part owing to this failing power that he had lost confidence; yet he had still authority over his features, and nothing appeared on his face of all this as he looked on Warburton, as little, indeed, as was written upon the young man's cold and smiling countenance.

"I have trespassed a third time, sir," said the latter, bowing ceremoniously.

"No doubt this time with a better excuse, Mr. Warburton," replied the old man quietly. "Yet I beg you will get on with your business and be done, for I can ill support a long interview."

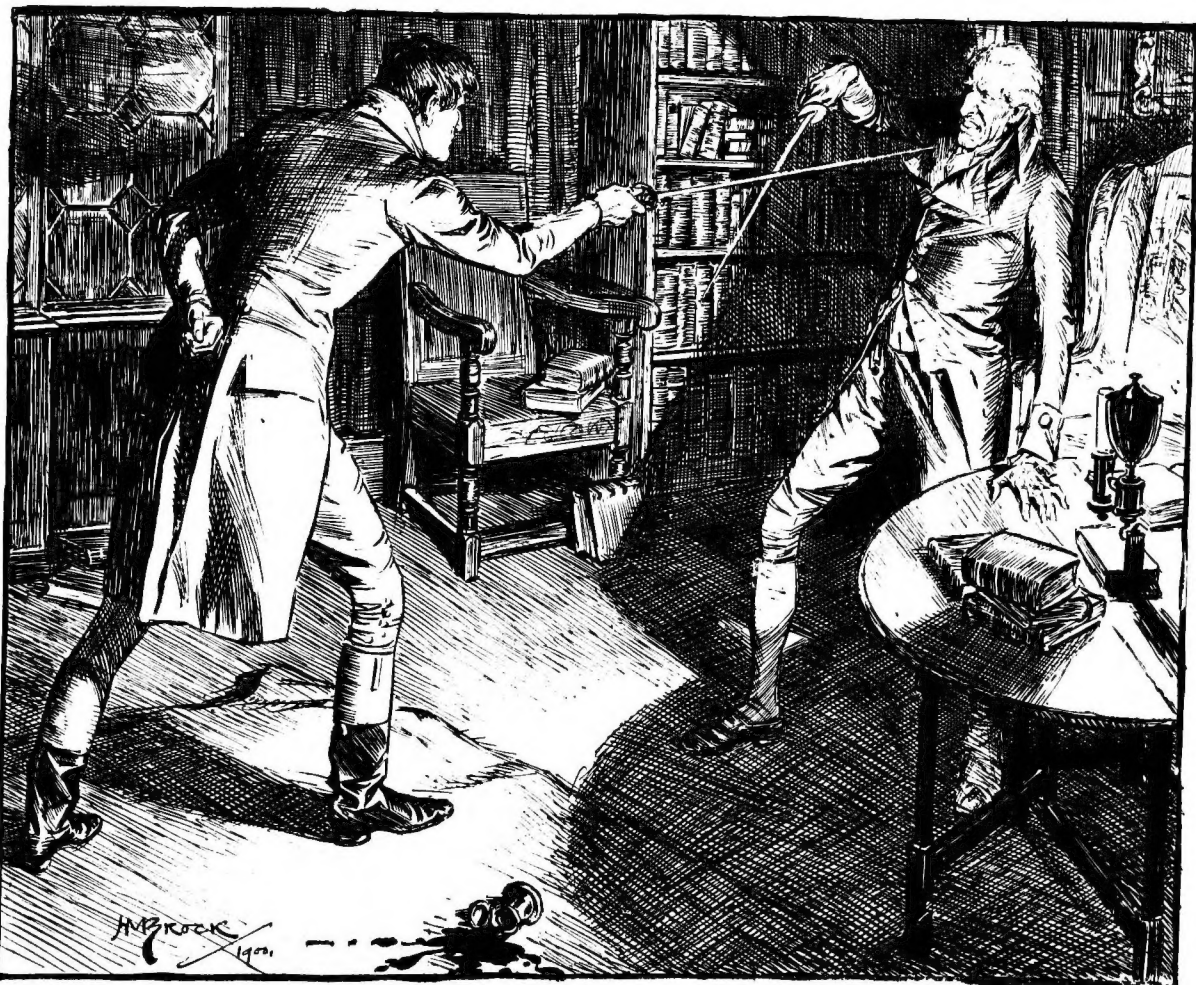
"Ah, sir," says Warburton gravely. "Indeed I grieve to see one of your honourable family in such an evil plight. 'Tis the gout you suffer from, I believe."

"I pray you, sir, make haste and be done," said Sir Stephen impatiently.

"My dear sir," said Warburton with a great effusion of manner, "I will do my best to oblige you. I will come to the point, and that is one which will prick you pretty nearly, if I am a judge." Sir Stephen waved his hand with some nervous irritation. "I am a slow, dull-witted fellow," resumed the other, "and I would not pit myself against such bright creatures as your sons, but I can put two and two together to make four."

"It would sometimes be best that they should make only three, Mr. Warburton," said Sir Stephen slowly.

"Aye, I take your meaning, sir," returned Warburton. "You are good enough to warn me as I have been warned before by your forethought. But this I assure you, that my mind is mathematical, and in sums of addition I can make no mistake. No, sir, I must make it four, and four I make it."



"The old man fought like an accomplished duellist, and kept him at bay, with a little devilish smile on his lips and the ferocity of Nicholas gleaming in his eyes"



"Well, sir," says Sir Stephen sardonically, for he was now sharp and resolute, quite master of himself.

"Well, I have no long business with you, sir," went on Warburton. "It is soon told, and the telling is that in return for your good consideration of me I am to offer you back a warning on your own part. I warn you that I hold your secret."

Sir Stephen laughed gently. "My faith, sir, but this is ancient history," he said. "I think we were all agreed upon what you knew, Mr. Warburton, and agreed upon this, too, that what you know was dangerous, and that you should be suffered to exchange it for something else."

"You are graciousness itself," said he, "but I think you do not catch my meaning, sir. I have said that I hold your secret, and I leave you to guess how much that means. There may be anything between a trifle and a matter of supreme gravity in such a phrase."

"I am no hand at guessing," said Sir Stephen, but his face had undergone a slight change; its expression was set, and his voice was quieter.

"Yet I may not leave without acquainting you," said Warburton. "Let me jog your wit, sir, which should be sharp, being Irish."

The old man cast him a searching glance, and slowly lifted his book from his knee. "I am afraid that your efforts are vain, sir," he said. "I know you to be a dangerous man, and you have the credit of that compliment. But I am in no humour to talk with you, and it is not customary to play guess-work of business. Say what you must say and go."

He spoke with asperity, and also with dignity; but Warburton even now could not deny himself the satisfaction of using his fears as a cat does those of a captured mouse. He knew well enough that Sir Stephen Carmichael was wondering exactly how much he knew, was fearing that he knew all, yet was warily resolved not to go too far in his speech until he had discovered.

"It may be, sir," said Warburton, "that I wrong you in supposing you privy to these things. You yourself shall be the judge of that. But there is no doubt that this property of yours is used for the Free Trade, and that one of your sons, at least, is a partner in it."

"Why that is so, as I believe, Mr. Warburton," said Sir Stephen politely; and there came into his voice a faint note of relief.

"'Tis a serious matter, sir," says Warburton.

"No doubt 'tis that," says the other, nodding. "I make you a present of it. I dare say that you can arrange it with Nicholas; I leave it in his hands."

The thrust made Warburton smile. "Once more I can only bow to your generosity, sir," he said.

"And now, if I may conclude our business is over," went on Sir Stephen, pointing at the door, "you will, perhaps, do me the favour to retire, and maybe you shall find my son ready to your hand."

"Nay, my dear sir, but that is half only of my business," interposed Warburton lightly. "There is more behind." The Baronet sank back heavily into his chair with his arms along the woodwork, and his moving eyes upon his tormentor. "I had the privilege to make a new discovery this day. 'Twas an accident, but I bless my long legs that took me thither. Do you know some caves upon the island, sir? Well, there is a very drunken sailor at this moment in hiding there, who parted with some news to me not an hour since."

Sir Stephen stirred. "What news?" he asked shortly, but his gaze never left Warburton's face, shifting over it tensely and vigilantly.

"Why, the cave is full of gunpowder," says he.

"Indeed; I know not what their merchandise may be," said Sir Stephen. "You tell me news—gunpowder is it?"

"Good wine, sir, good wine, and good brandy, if I may judge from what I have drunk in Marlock. But on occasion, powder, there's no doubt."

"'Tis very interesting," remarked the Baronet.

"Yes, sir, and there is more behind that. This drunken Frenchman is possessed of strange papers." Sir Stephen started visibly, and then controlled himself. "And one of them I borrowed lest he should lose it. Indeed, as 'twas addressed to yourself I made free to make myself a post for you. Maybe, you will recognise the hand of your correspondent," and with that he drew the letter from his pocket and displayed it before the old man's eyes.

But he was silent for a time, showing no emotion on his face; and then he said slowly, "What use, sir, is it, that you will make of all this? I imagine that it is not for a jest that you come to tell me this."

"You are right," said Warburton soberly. "I am not used to waste my time, even though the sport should tempt me. I tell you this because I desire to give you a warning, as I have said."

"You mean," said Sir Stephen, "that you would make some terms with us."

"No; I will have no damnable compromise," said he with an oath. "It is not for that I have spent my time and run my risks here. I swore to hunt down those that accomplished the foul murder of my friend, and those that abetted it. But in a little, sir, I found the task widen under my hand, and you know how that came about. I seek a cruel assassin, and what do I find? Why, a nest of traitors, a pack of braves—a house that holds not one single member but is contaminated with its disease and vice. This island harbours and feeds a brood of vipers, and they must perish. That is my warning."

Sir Stephen Carmichael's eyes wandered restlessly over the young man's face, as he spoke with this heat and not a little dignity, but his tone was unchanged in his reply.

"You forget, Mr. Warburton, that it is you who have had your warning and now stand in some danger."

"From your son!" says he with an exclamation of angry impatience. "From your son! Do you think I do not know that? I am quite aware how I stand, and that the island is being beat for me at this very moment. And if I am taken, do you suppose I do not understand what that signifies? Bah, but I shall not be taken; and I am here because I am of that confidence, to warn you."

His words flowed quickly and with more feeling than he was accustomed to exhibit, yet his senses were not greatly dulled by that emotion. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Sir Stephen's hand go slowly, as if stricken with palsy, across the arm of the chair, and pass in that decrepitude to a little round table that stood by. The act was noticed yet hardly appreciated, until of a sudden he

made a discovery in another glance. One swift step took him to the table, and the next instant he had snatched up the pistol that lay upon it, with which between his fingers he turned fiercely upon the other.

"What the devil!" said he, blazing with his passion; "you would butcher me so coolly as that? By God, but I think these Carmichaels be the very spawn of Satan with their handsome looks and foul treachery. There is no vice this blood of yours does not hold, and you shall all swing together for it; by God you shall."

Sir Stephen's hand still rested upon the table. "Sir," said he, "I was about to have said, ere this gross and unmannerly outbreak, that it was not from my son that you stood in danger, but rather from myself first. Nay, not that pistol," he said, nodding coolly towards it. "I am no friend to such methods. But I was considering that after such discoveries as you have made to me, and what has passed, there is no choice left you but to give me the honour of a meeting."

"A meeting!" said Warburton in amazement; "you are bed-ridden, man."

"You cannot escape on that plea," said Sir Stephen with a sneer, and for the first time there leaped into his face a look of Nicholas, a look of black and angry passion. "If you will be good enough to take down that pair of swords behind you—"

"Sir Stephen," said Warburton, more coolly, "you know not what you are about. I may not fight with a crippled man."

"You fear," he said sharply. "Give me the sword."

"I will give you no such thing," said Warburton obstinately.

Sir Stephen's eyes flashed in a fresh blaze. I will take a course to make you, coward," he cried harshly, and, as if with a wrench, rose in his chair, and flung an iron inkstand sharply at Warburton's head. It struck him in the neck, opening a red and ragged wound below the ear; and the victim of this unexpected conduct fell back before the blow, and then leaped forward.

"Now, someone shall judge between us whether 'tis you or I play the coward," he said between his teeth, and he threw one of the swords towards his assailant. Sir Stephen Carmichael leaned back upon the table, supporting himself in position with one hand upon the oak. He thrust out his weapon and the two blades encountered and fell away. Leaning forward with his weight partly on his wrist, his legs motionless, his body gently moving, but his arms swift, certain and deadly, Sir Stephen Carmichael plied his point with every artifice of the experienced swordsman, and with much of the suppleness and dexterity which had once been his. He was chained to his table, but he could make the points, and his defence was greatly superior to his enemy's attack. Warburton flung himself upon it in vain, now wholly oblivious of the disability to which he had previously objected. The old man fought like an accomplished duellist, and kept him at bay, with a little devilish smile on his lips and the ferocity of Nicholas gleaming in his eyes.

The light was low, so low as to impede that conflict, but it was the older man's sight that suffered the more. He contented himself with steady, dispassionate resistance, and Warburton's temper rose with his ineffectual attempts. He came harder, and was pierced in the shoulder; the grin stiffened on Sir Stephen's face. Warburton broke away, and with an impatient oath flung upon the attack. His muscles were lean, tough, and flawless; he was fitted for continuous endurance; and the play heightened his spirits and his enjoyment. The prick in his shoulder goaded him, and he settled down to a grim beleaguement. But this course in time wore down the older man's strength. His sword went to and fro with the same fine, mechanical skill, but falteringly, more slowly, and with less precision. The power in his body ebbed fast—went out like a tide that races seaward across a league of sands, and Warburton read the truth in his yellowing face and ensanguined eyes. Sir Stephen breathed hardly, and doubted not what he saw in the other's face. It was Death that must be written there—the Death which he had himself invited. What concerned him most was this painful struggling, this dull and formal resistance, that drew his blood like drops of sweat, and turned his arms and shoulders to lead. His looks seemed almost to plead for the end, and his point wagged feebly in the air. Warburton stood off, and dropped his weapon to the floor with a clatter. He laughed.

"You want Death, old man," said he. "By God, you shall not have it that way. You cannot choose your end, as you will learn. It was a fine thought to make me the instrument, but it is not possible. I was a fool to be tempted. I am no hangman." The words were brutal enough, but Sir Stephen did not wince; he only stared, unable, indeed, to make answer for his heavy breathing. Observing him Warburton turned away angrily. "By Heaven," he cried, "it was a damnable trick to drag me into it. You would have me a butcher and an old man my sheep. Not I—not I. I will leave you to the proper hands, and what revenge you have baulked I will seek elsewhere. There are others of your blood. I will have my stroke at all."

He turned on his way to the door with a sneer and an ugly laugh, and Sir Stephen followed him with his look.

"Whither do you go?" he gasped in alarm.

"Why," said Roger Warburton, aflame with the heat of this recent contest as well as with the heady spirit. "Why, this house, I think, stands desolate. There is none here but one."

"That is I," cried the old man. "True, that is I."

"Nay, not you, but another," said Warburton recklessly, "and her I shall find above. There is a light that twinkles in an upper window. It beams kindly upon me; faith, it called me from the night; it hailed me across the hills. I shall be welcome."

"You lie!" cried Sir Stephen hoarsely, and was shaken like a reed.

"Nay, I speak verity," says Warburton laughing. "Ask tomorrow, and you shall be answered."

"It is—it is her—" The attempted words failed in the old man's mouth as the door shut with a clang behind Warburton. He rose to his feet, struggled to follow, and, tottering, fell with a groan into his chair, unconscious.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHLORIS

A BROAD low stairway rose from the hall into which Warburton was come, and ascended in short stages to the upper floor. Windows

with mullions looked out upon the valley by day from these high landings, and gleamed by night with jewelled eyes. The wood was ancient oak; it was black and naked and shining under the light, and Warburton's footfall rang low and deep and loud as he mounted on his way to what his wild whirling brain and giddy purpose designed. A window stood open upon the head of the stair, giving upon a black mild night, still as a graveyard, and fragrant with the breath of flower and sea. A little low moaning entered out of the darkness, seeming to reach from an infinite distance away, somewhere upon the horizon—babbling, continuous, and incredibly weak and pitiful.

These sounds upon that silence struck Warburton's ear pleasantly. He heard in his fancy the sea lapping about the crags of the Skittles, as when he had been forced upon his perilous voyage; so he heard it now, but lamentable, crying like a child or some poor crone; not angry, nor menacing, nor sullen, but whimpering, taken up in a plaintive melancholy, like one driven to despair and knowing no refuge or recovery. There was no doubt but he had triumphed over the Carmichaels; he had turned their fortunes, and would humble them in the dust. The should cry for mercy to him, if any of that proud rebellious house might cry. And now he was assured of his just vengeance upon all. The thought stung him strangely into an excitement which sent his blood newly bounding in his heart. The hunters were upon the hills, out upon the chase, and the quarry lay here, safe, a hare in her form, and with his claws upon an unexpected victim. What vengeance he might not wreak upon the father that would be exact of the child—nay, of all the children of that abominable blood. Animal they were, and as animals they should atone, whether they died or lived, and in what kind soever they paid the debt.

Warburton's mood was by no means so simple, as it seemed even to himself. It was a plexus of sentiments that moved him, indignation, the resolution of an obstinate character, the memory of wrongs, the lust and pride of conflict, a certain fierce brutality, and along with these interweaving and mutable emotions, an incentive sharper than them all, a strong personal fire that swarmed and burned in his vitals. He had never refused to recognise his admiration of Chloris Carmichael; she kindled in him an intestine war that had rent and ravaged his stout spirit. But though he could not in his honesty shut his eyes to a great fact, he could stare and pass by. Her beauty would have melted him like wax had he not been of so desperate a purpose; and the memory of it followed him now in his upward passage, taking him in the nostrils like a fragrance that sets the heart throbbing and the throat to gasp. He felt himself free at this moment to give rein to his admiration; he would no longer stare and go by; and there was delirium in the thought of this unaccustomed licence with which his head whirled, and every sense, awake and wide and delicate, cried out, drumming and thrilling under that magical influence. His body was become of a sudden a most populous and changing scene of sensations; variable flaws flew over his consciousness, now hot, now cold, but dancing, intangible, indistinguishable, and charged with an immeasurable power; and under all was one high tide drawing him onwards, set for one shore, and throbbing heavily as it drew.

His passionate pulse ceased as he knocked on the door and awaited an answer. The sound of his feet had gone up before him and came, softly, like muffled echoes, to Chloris Carmichael's ears. She rose from her chair, and threw back her copper-red hair.

"Who is that?" she says under her breath, "'Tis not Nick, and it cannot be Philip; he has too great a tread; he comes deliberate."

She listened to the footsteps, which came to cease outside her room, and there fell the still small knock, as it were of someone humbly begging for admission, or of one, maybe, that knew he was welcome.

"Who is that?" says she again, wondering. "There is none of the servants walks like that. He comes too confident."

She stood, her hand trembling upon the deep worn oaken sill of the window that was an eye upon the park, the dress over her bosom rising and falling more quickly now, her wild grey eyes alight and frightened. There came a sound of knocking once more, still very low and quiet.

"Who is there?" she called, and made a step forward, but drew back.

"'Tis I," says Roger Warburton, in his cool, clear voice. "'Tis I; let me in."

"You may not come here," she cried, putting one hand to her heart. "Mr. Warburton, you must go."

"'Tis I," he said, in the same clear tones. "'Tis I; open to me, Chloris."

"What do you want in this house?" she cried, with increasing agitation audible in her note; "there is no safety here."

"I am not in search of safety," he answered. "Open."

"What do you seek?" she asked wildly.

"What I seek I shall find," he answered from the back of the door. "Open, open."

(To be continued)

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom" (Chatto and Windus), which has now reached its fortieth annual edition, is a vast work, which must be the result of much well-organised labour. It is, as its founder claimed first, a "dictionary of the upper ten thousand." The names of all the titled and untitled people given in the book are arranged in alphabetical list, and brief biographical notices appended to each name give the birth, marriage, education, appointments, and public services of the owner. To this is added the town and country address and the name of the heir apparent or heir presumptive.—"The Official Year Book of the Church of England" (S.P.C.K.) contains records of the work of the Church at home and abroad, and valuable statistics of all kinds. From figures gathered from returns of 18,688 incumbents it was ascertained that the total voluntary offering for the year ending 1899 amounted to 7,464,431*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.*—"The Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register, and Almanac" (Burns and Oates), deals thoroughly with Roman Catholic institutions, ecclesiastical and educational, in this country, and gives a complete list of Roman Catholic clergy of Great Britain. Last year no fewer than seven Cardinals died.





The announcement of the relief of Mafeking penetrated inside the theatres, where it was announced from the stage and received with the greatest enthusiasm by the audiences. In many theatres the band played the National Anthem and the people joined in, waving programmes and handkerchiefs and cheering General Baden-Powell

"THREE CHEERS FOR 'B.P.'": HOW THE NEWS OF THE RELIEF OF MAFKING WAS RECEIVED IN THE THEATRE

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FRANK  
CRAIG  
1900



## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE cyclist has undoubtedly improved in skill and manners during the last few years, but, at any rate, in the streets of London, he is, as yet, by no means perfect. Ask the policeman at any popular and crowded thoroughfare who gives him the most trouble, and I think he would tell you the cyclist. He is, perhaps, the only thing on wheels—of course, I am alluding to the scorchers, for there are plenty of wheelmen whose behaviour is irreproachable—who ventures to treat with scorn the upraised arm of the policeman. When the traffic is stopped, and everything from a duke's carriage to a costermonger's barrow pauses to allow foot-passengers to cross the road, if the scorchers see a chance he will dart through, and if he does not knock down two or three people, he will frighten them out of their wits, and disappear before the policeman can arrest him. Another thing. In the London streets the cyclist does not look far enough ahead, and does not sound his bell in time. As a general rule he does not ring till he is close upon you. So that, unless you fall back sharply, or take an enormous leap forward, the chances are you will be run over.

The new lofty lamp-bearers in my neighbourhood still continue to interest me, for there is scarcely a day but what they develop some new feature. They are now painting them all a blood red. This I venture to think is a mistake—a succession of blood-red

lettres. He has also a good deal to say with regard to the round hat and the spoon bonnet, and his pictures concerning bloomerism are almost prophetic of the vagaries of the present day. Then he had countless gibes at the Inferior Sex in respect of loud-patterned shirts, peg-top trousers, Noah's Ark coats, and the moustache movement. George du Maurier continued the chronicle of his time with wondrous grace and exactitude. Indeed, I am inclined to think that certain fashions, if not invented by these two artists, were, at any rate, made popular by them. Certainly, the universal assumption of sable hose, which began about 1870, and seems likely to last to the end of all time, may be ascribed to Du Maurier's attractive pictures.

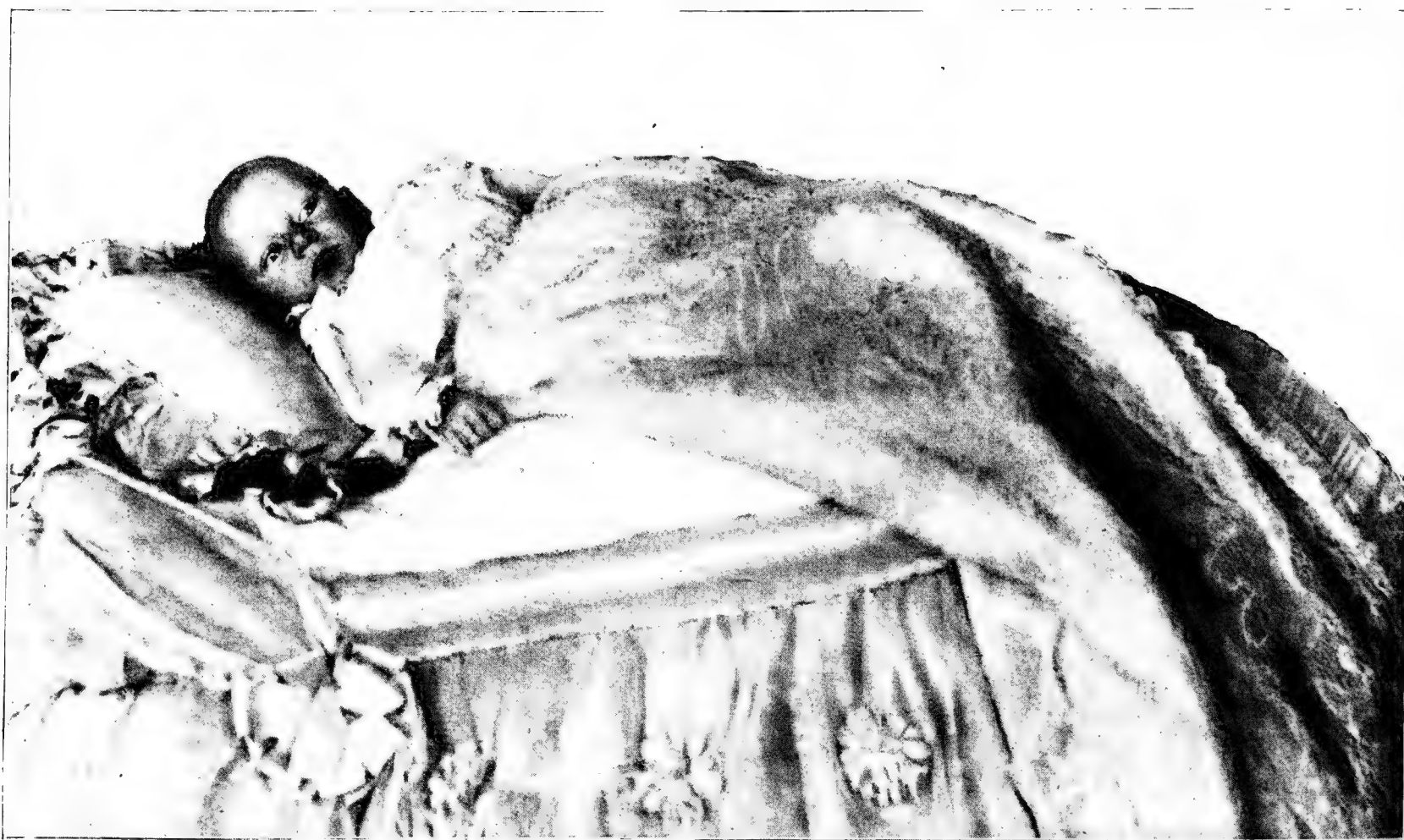
The year 1900 is terribly inconvenient for those of us who have frequently to use it as a date. All our lives we have been accustomed to write something beginning with 18—, and it is difficult to get over the habit. A correspondent, who writes from Aberdeen and signs himself "T," sends some apposite remarks which bear on this subject. He says:—"I ask why, in using the Roman notation, publishers, both British and American, are putting on the title pages of their new books MDCCCC? According to analogy they should use the shorter form MCM., but the only place where I have seen this form used is in the Paris paper *L'Illustration*. The rule is well understood that the letter signifying a smaller number placed before a letter of larger value is to be deducted from it. According to a quotation which will suit these military times, from Cromwell's 'Soldier's Catechism' (1644) 'Cowards ever do more hurt than good, being like an X before an L.' It strikes me that the proposed adoption of MCM. is a most excellent suggestion, because we at once get rid of that very tiresome 18—

## The Royal Academy

THIRD NOTICE

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN somewhat resembles Mr. La Thangue in power of interesting us in rural scenes of an everyday character, but he arrests our attention in, perhaps, a more subtle fashion. Attention may be especially called to "The Dark Barn"—a subject which would have been hopeless in unskilled hands. The barn is, doubtless, dark enough, but there is a marvellous transparency in the atmosphere. You feel you could walk across it and gaze through those chinks and holes across the bright green pastures, have glimpse of the brilliant sunshine, and inhale the pure air. Seldom has so effective a picture been made from such apparently hopeless material. It is also marvellously suggestive.

The few works concerning the war in the present collection will strike even the most casual observer. It is difficult to know the reason of this, as all the illustrated papers have found therein a wide field for the efforts of their artists. Can it be that in these practical days, when the scarlet tunic has given way to the khaki jacket, there is not sufficient colour in warfare to make it pictorially attractive? Has the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war vanished ever, or are the painters of battle pieces waiting till next year before they glorify the wearers of khaki? But if the battlefield has been for the most part avoided, there are incidents in connection therewith that have been effectively treated. We have heard spoken of Mr. G. D. Leslie's touching work, "In Time of War"



THE INFANT SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WHO WAS BAPTISED LAST WEEK AT WINDSOR  
PRINCE HENRY WILLIAM FREDERICK ALBERT OF YORK

From a Photograph by F. Ralph, Dersingham

lamp-posts is likely to be monotonous. Why not have every one a different colour? That would surely add greatly to the variety of our streets, and increase the general liveliness of our city, and enable people returning home late at night, in a festive humour, to know one post from the other. I observe that where the opalescent globes have been swung they gleam brightly in the sunshine, and altogether present a pleasing and decorative aspect. It is difficult to please everyone in the matter of street lighting. I have heard of one man, who has a new lamp-bearer in his immediate vicinity, is congratulating himself on the fact that he will now get the whole of his domestic illumination for nothing, or, as he puts it, enjoy free daylight all night; while I am told of another who is devising all sorts of screens and blinds by means of which he can block out what he is pleased to call "Brummagem moonshine." By the way, I believe you may invoke the power of the law to prevent anyone interfering with your "ancient lights;" why not get an injunction against those who propose to take away your "ancient darkness." According to taste, one might be as valuable as the other.

Among the manifold advantages of the first fifty years of *Punch* that we see dilated upon in the papers from time to time, there is one merit that I cannot call to mind has yet been mentioned. That is as a chronicle of costume for half a century it is unrivalled. It is far beyond the fashion books of various periods, because those, as a rule, indicate what a milliner would like to be worn. *Punch* shows you what actually was worn, not only in a certain year, but in a particular week. The sartorial follies of the moment, as well as the dress-makers' diversions of the day, are duly chronicled. John Leech gives you charming pictures of the pretty girls of his time in "York pie" hats, in flat-soled black kid boots, in white stockings, enormous crinolines and peeping panta-

which we are always writing and everlastingly scratching out again, and you will find if you try it that you can write MCM. without taking your pen from the paper, and do it much quicker than writing 1900."

Though steamers have been scarce on the London reaches of our river lately, it is satisfactory to find the Upper Thames will be, as usual, well provided with such means of transit by Messrs. Salter Brothers. Their excellent service of well-appointed steamers between Kingston and Oxford has just commenced running, and those who know their Thames well will be glad of the chance of renewing their friendship with well-known places in this pleasant fashion; while those who do not know it will have the opportunity of becoming familiar with the beautiful scenery, notable mansions and secluded spots, concerning which countless poets, ancient and modern, have sung from time immemorial. The River season may be said to have now fairly commenced, and if we could only get rid of this terrible wind—it may be gone by the time these lines appear—there should be plenty of craft afloat.

The illuminated advertisements at night are, I see, still flashing away as merrily as ever, and becoming more irritating than ever. Why is this? I was under the impression that the London County Council had passed a by-law forbidding this kind of thing to go on any longer. Possibly there may be a certain time allowed before the law comes into operation, and perchance that period may not yet have elapsed. I should really be glad to know what may be the real state of the case. Unless some allowance of time has been made, I must say the energetic way in which these advertisements have flashed, sparkled, and glittered recently looks uncommonly like contempt of Council.

and we must now call especial attention to Mr. Marcus Stone's "Soldier's Return." Mr. Stone's work is always acceptable, because he not only paints a good picture, but tells a good story—a somewhat rare combination to find in the present day.

The Hon. John Collier invariably manages to give a special interest to his portraits, that is to say he invests them with a pictorial value which is entirely independent of the accuracy of the likenesses. We can remember the charming group he made of the daughters of Colonel Makins which was exhibited within these walls some years ago. In "The Billiard-Players" he has not such an attractive subject, but the work throughout has been accomplished with consummate skill and refined tact.

Mr. Seymour Lucas's work is always acceptable because of its reality. Though most of his pictures relate to bygone times, there is no suspicion of masquerading. All his scenes have a distinct flavour of the period represented, and none of his figures have the aspect of modern models in ancient garb. In the same way none of his armour smacks of the theatrical costumier, and none of his old furniture savours of Wardour Street. It is not so easy, perhaps, in the present day—with its constant surprises and everlasting changes—to be in sympathy with the people and doings of past days. It requires a most skilful and learned guide to induce us to take interest in anything but our own affairs at the close of the nineteenth century. However, sir Walter Scott, in literature, can yet lure us into the times of long ago with considerable success, and Mr. Seymour Lucas, in art, can still charm us with his graphic pictures of the days of our ancestors. Only a glance at "The Keeper of the King's Conscience"—with its power and character—or a glimpse of the brilliant "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," is enough to clearly emphasize the truth of our remarks on this subject.





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York was christened in the Queen's private chapel at Windsor Castle in the presence of His Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Winchester. The Lord Chamberlain conducted into the chapel the infant Prince, who was carried by a nurse and attended by Lady Eva

Dugdale. The sponsors were the Queen, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Cumberland, represented by the Princess of Wales; Princess Charles of Denmark, represented by Prince Albert of Prussia; Prince George of Greece, represented by the Prince of Wales; Prince Alexander of

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING AT WINDSOR CASTLE

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

Tuck, represented by the Duke of Cambridge; and Lord Roberts, represented by Sir Dighton Probyn. Lady Eva Dugdale placed the infant in the arms of the Queen, who handed him to the Bishop. The little Prince was named Henry William Frederick Albert



# The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

WHEN on Monday Mr. Chamberlain rose to move the second reading of the Commonwealth Bill the secret of what had happened in conference with the Delegates was strictly kept. There was a general feeling that breach of amity had been avoided. It was chiefly based on the conviction that, especially just now, the Imperial Government could not afford to quarrel with the Colonies. In Parliament the practice is not unknown of the Leader of the House privately communicating to the Leader of the Opposition decisions taken by the Government at a particular crisis. On Monday it befell that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues shared with the rest of the House ignorance of the settlement (if any) that had been come to between Mr. Chamberlain and the Delegates.

The Colonial Secretary was fully justified in reserving to himself the privilege of communicating the news to the House and the world. It was his show, and he meant to conduct his business as he pleased. The consequence was that a full House awaited his utterance. The Delegates and the Agents-General for the Colonies again occupied places in the Diplomatic Gallery. In the seat over the clock, which the Prince of Wales fills on his now rare visits to the House, loomed the gigantic figure of the King of Sweden. His Majesty, who speaks English fluently, though with an accent as marked as his height, understands the tongue perfectly, and followed with evident interest the lucid statement of the Secretary for the Colonies, and the statesmanlike speech from Mr. Asquith, which immediately followed. Lord Morris, whose appearance and manner mock the suggestion that he has retired from the Court of Appeal by reason of advanced age, shared the rest of the Peers' Gallery with the Bishop of Ripon. Judging from the right reverend prelate's face, as Lord Morris



THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING: STREET SCENES IN LONDON ON SATURDAY

DRAWN BY H. JOHNSON

Australia with an extended system of Home Rule, they lamented the fact that it is sternly refused to Ireland.

Mr. Tim Healy, making a too rare visit to Westminster, as usual, has stirred the placid waters.

He made an unusually weighty speech in protest against the position in the Court of Appeal vacated by the resignation of an Irish Judge being given to an English one. That was in his soberest mood. What delighted the House far more were his quips and cranks discharged at Mr. Chamberlain in connection with the Commonwealth Bill. He rose when others had made an end of speaking, exciting much curiosity by a prodigious volume clasped in his arms. This, he informed the House, was one of eight, equally enormous, containing amendments moved by Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionists against the Irish Home Rule Bill. They were primarily designed to preserve the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and belittle the authority of the one Mr. Gladstone's Bill designed to re-establish on College Green. Mr. Chamberlain, he said, had made 267 speeches in support of these amendments. Now he had submitted, and was rapidly carrying through, a stupendous measure designed to perfect Home Rule in Australia, and there was not a word in his speech nor promise of an amendment dealing with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament.

## Another "Triple Bill"

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S "triple bill" at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre affords his patrons a varied and agreeable, if not very substantial, entertainment. Most noteworthy among the three little pieces is Captain Basil Hood's adaptation from Hans Christian Andersen's *Ib and Little Christina*, which stands midway in the programme, and is remarkable for its delicacy, purity, and poetical grace. It presents, in the author's words, "a picture in three panels," and tells the story of two little playmates in a Danish cottage, whose dawn of love is not destined to "know an earthly close;" for Christina, arrived at womanhood, is wooed and won by the son of a rich innkeeper, and Ib is constrained to fulfil the bitter task of giving consent to their union. The refined, yet manly, style of Mr. Martin Harvey, who plays the grown-up Ib, renders great service to the spirit of the little piece, which is, indeed, played by the whole company with excellent taste and feeling. Miss Eva Moore looks very pretty in her Danish national costume, Miss Mary Rorke plays the haunting stranger with due mystery, and two very clever representatives of the hero and heroine at their child stage have been found in the persons of Master Vyvian Thomas and Miss Phillis Dare. *Rouget de Lisle*, a one-act play, by Mr. Freeman Wills and Mr. Fitzmaurice King, which occupies the first place in the bill, presents Mr. Martin Harvey in the character of the famous author and reputed composer of the "Marseillaise." Somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Chatterton*, it represents the poet as perishing of hunger in a lonely garret, where the kindly efforts of a lady friend to rescue him from his distress come too late; for Rouget, as the curtain falls, is seen lying dead, while a detachment of soldiers marching in the street below are heard lustily chanting the words of his stirring national hymn. All this is, of course, not historical, for Rouget lived to a good old age. If the programme opens with tears it closes with hearty laughter, for the last item is that amusing trifle, *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, in which Mr. Weedon Grossmith returned to his original part of Lord Arthur Pomeroy, and Mr. Brandon Thomas appears once more as the heavy dragoon, Captain Tom Robertson. W. M. T.



The relief of Mafeking was celebrated at Uppingham on Saturday, when the Volunteer corps fired a Royal salute in the school quad. Our photograph is by L. Salisbury

MAFEKING REJOICINGS AT UPPINGHAM SCHOOL

whispered in his ear, the stories he was telling him had a broader humour than is to be found within the corners of the Bill establishing the Commonwealth of Australia.

Mr. Chamberlain was, after his manner, strictly business-like in explaining the new turn of affairs. Very early in a speech that lasted just half an hour he, amid loud cheers, announced that the Delegates and himself had come to absolute agreement. The difficulty thereupon presented itself that whilst, as the representative of Imperial interests, it would be necessary to show that these had not suffered in the settlement, it would never do to suggest that the Delegates had surrendered the position taken up and resolutely held a week ago. He skillfully steered between the Scylla and Charybdis of controversy, the situation being further complicated by the fact that whilst four of the Colonies were parties to the new arrangement, two, Queensland and West Australia, preferred the earlier procedure, whereby Clause 74 had been struck out of the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain accomplished his task with accustomed adroitness. Both parties were right in their first attitude. Both were equally right when, avowedly, that attitude was reversed. What comes of it all is that while Imperial interests are guarded by requiring all cases affecting them to go before the High Court of Appeal, questions purely affecting the Colonies will be dealt with at home. Thus, as in the old, familiar farce, Box and Cox were both satisfied.

The statement was followed by a scene of rare unanimity, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was in a somewhat awkward position seeing that when the Bill was introduced he described Mr. Chamberlain's dealing with Clause 74 as a rebuff publicly administered to the Colony. As the Colonial Delegates had in a letter Mr. Chamberlain read fully and frankly accepted the settlement, the only thing left open to the Leader of the Opposition fulfilling his traditional duty, which is to oppose, would be to say that Imperial interests had now been sacrificed. That would not be polite. Accordingly, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman held his peace, and Mr. Asquith was put up to express the views of the Opposition. This he did in one of those brief speeches which show how much can be said in few words if they be rightly chosen. Mr. Samuel Evans, who had an amendment on the paper, abandoned it. The spell of unanimity reached even the Irish Members, though in applauding a policy that had endowed

Captain Haldane

Lieutenant Le Mesurier

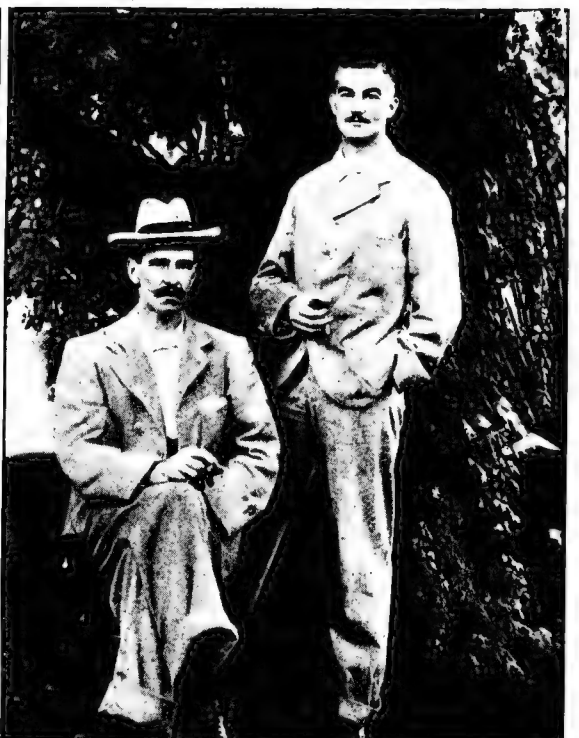


AS THEY ARRIVED AT LOURENCO MARQUES

Captain Haldane, Gordon Highlanders, who was taken in the armoured train at Chieveley, and Lieutenant F. N. Le Mesurier, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, have arrived at Durban after escaping from Pretoria. Their story of how they got away is full of stirring incidents. For eighteen days they hid underground. When once clear of the town they struck the Delagoa Railway, which they followed until they nearly walked into a Boer patrol. At one point they had to take to the river as a Boer patrol was searching for them with dogs. Ultimately they reached Delagoa, where they took a passage to Durban. Our portraits are by W. Atwell

Captain Haldane

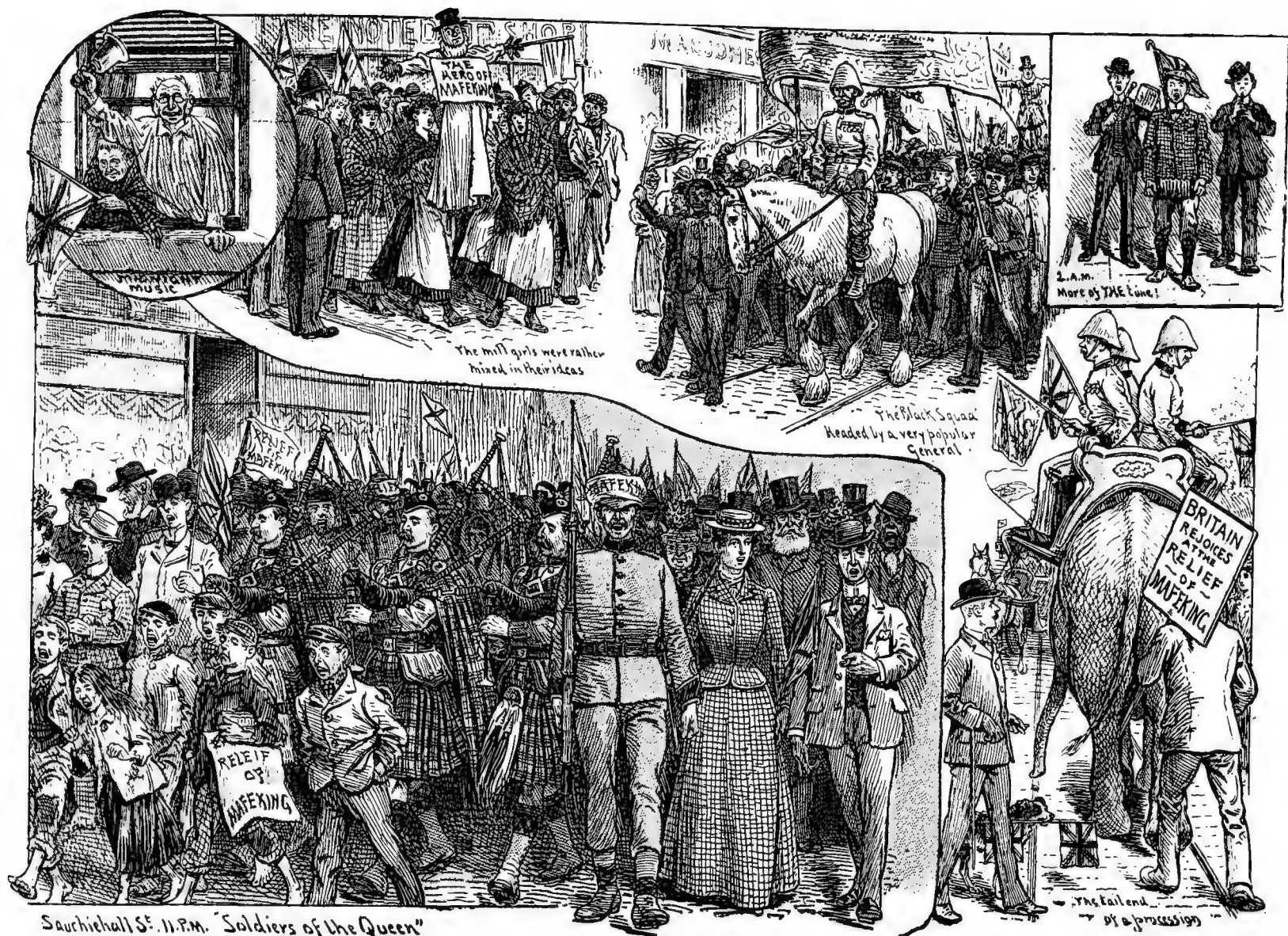
Lieutenant Le Mesurier



A FEW HOURS AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT LOURENCO MARQUES

ESCAPED FROM PRETORIA





There was great enthusiasm at Glasgow on Saturday, and business was largely suspended. The shipbuilding yards were idle, and flags were hoisted on the public buildings and railway stations. Crowds paraded the streets, cheering and singing, and large numbers of persons arrived from the country districts to participate in the rejoicings. Sauchiehall Street, about 11 p.m. on Friday night,

presented a most extraordinary sight. When at last the news was believed, everyone yelled and hurraed. Several Volunteers happened to be about, and a curiously mixed crowd fell in with them, and paraded the town to the tune of "Soldiers of the Queen"

# "MAFEKING IS RELIEVED": ENTHUSIASTIC REJOICINGS AT GLASGOW

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



Hampstead was indeed "Happy Hampstead" on Saturday. The arrangements for the Mafeking relief demonstration were practically completed many months ago, and the weary waiting to put the plans into operation had only tended to increase the ardour of all concerned. The revellers, a motley crew of youths

more or less fantastically clothed, gathered at the Public Library in Finchley Road, and, escorted by a brass band and a number of torch-bearers, set out to parade the principal streets of the neighbourhood in search of coins for the Golder's Hill Convalescent Home

# HAMPSTEAD REJOICING OVER THE RELIEF OF MAFKING

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Lord Edward Cecil, who is Brevet-Major in the Grenadier Guards, went out to South Africa on Special Service. He has been in Mafeking throughout the siege, and was responsible at the commencement of the war, with his chief, Major-General Baden-Powell, for supplying Mafeking with four times the

amount of stores thought necessary by the military authorities. He has been ill, suffering from lumbago after a touch of fever, but to the delight of his friends is now happily about again.

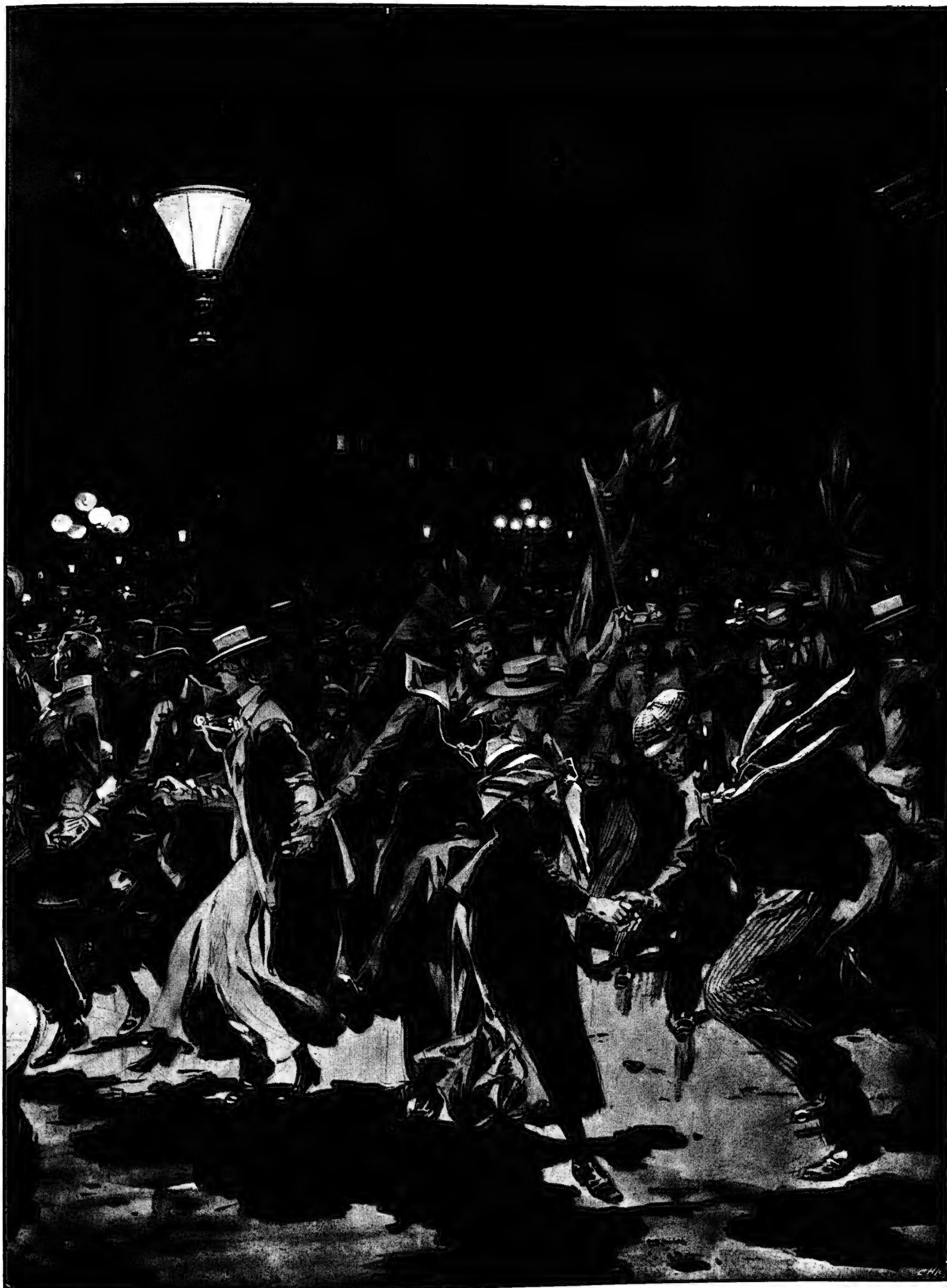
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

CONVALESCENT IN MAFKING: LORD EDWARD CECIL'S FIRST WALK AFTER HIS ILLNESS



# THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING

## CELEBRATIONS IN LONDON



The enthusiasm shown on Friday night on the receipt of the joyful news of Mafeking had in no way abated on Saturday evening, when the streets were paraded with cheering and flag-waving and singing crowds. Trafalgar Square, being an open space, was choked with surging masses of people, who relieved their feelings by dancing wildly in the centre of the square

AN IMPROMPTU DANCE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON SATURDAY EVENING

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN





A remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm was witnessed on Friday night in London as the news that Mafeking had been relieved gradually spread. In Piccadilly Circus the crowd nearly filled the broad open spaces, and as the stream of omnibuses and of cabs bringing people

from the theatres thickened it grew slower and slower and then ceased to move. The streets were jammed with people. Someone struck up "God Save the Queen." Immediately the voices joined in, and in a minute every hat was off. It was a wonderful sight under the glare

of the gas lamps. The walls all round the big space alive with cheering and gesticulating figures, and the streets black with them, and motionless among them the blocked streams of cabs all crowded with persons waving flags, hats, umbrellas, and anything they

could lay their hands on. Everybody was in boisterous good temper, but no one minded being stopped or crushed. Ladies in evening dress were squeezed in the crowd, but only smiled happily. And over all and through it all there was one long continuous roar of cheering.

# CELEBRATING THE RELIEF OF MAFEEKING IN LONDON: THE SCENE IN PICCADILLY ON FRIDAY NIGHT

DRAWN BY W. S. ALLAN. PUBLISHED BY DADD, R.I.





To the demonstrations in London the South Kensington Art Schools contributed a striking piece of pageantry. Men and women students came forth in their modelling blouses, and at their head rode a young man elaborately "made-up" as Lord Roberts. In the centre of the procession, set high on a

flower-bedecked car, was a colossal bust of Colonel Baden-Powell—the joint work of one of the masters, M. Lanterie, and several students

AN ARTISTIC DEMONSTRATION BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ART SCHOOLS

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.





DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

Last week the Queen paid her fourth visit to Netley Hospital during the past twelve months. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Eugenie and Prince Leopold of Battenberg, brought baskets of flowers with her from Windsor for distribution among the

patients. Her Majesty saw over six hundred who have taken part in the war in South Africa, among whom were many seriously wounded. As Her Majesty was wheeled from ward to ward she conversed with each of the bed-ridden men, and to each she gave a spray of flowers. So closely did Her Majesty observe every little detail that she handled one of the

pillows, and said that they were not soft enough for men who had to endure such pain—with the result that the patients may expect more comfortable pillows at no distant date. Altogether the Queen spent an hour and a half in the wards

FROM A SKETCH BY F. G. DICKINSON

THE QUEEN AND THE WOUNDED: HER MAJESTY VISITING A WARD IN NETLEY HOSPITAL



## Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

### Relief of Mafeking

BADEN-POWELL and his heroic garrison were relieved on the 15th inst., after having held out for about seven months, or 216 days, against vastly superior odds. They had reached all but the limit of their endurance—as far as food was concerned—and then, after



COLONEL B. T. MAHON, D.S.O.  
Who relieved Mafeking

performing one supreme act of self-defence, they were saved by the timely arrival of reinforcements despatched by Lord Roberts. "Bobs"—whose word is ever as good as his bond—had bidden the beleaguered garrison be of good cheer and hold out at least till May 18, and, lo and behold! about the hour of sunrise on that very day, the combined relief columns of Colonel Plumer, coming from the north, and of Colonel Mahon, coming from the south—after fighting a five hours'

action on the previous day—marched into Mafeking and cheered the flag which Baden-Powell had kept flying so long.

### The Relieving Column

It was Colonel Mahon who had been entrusted with the duty of co-operating from the south with Colonel Plumer in the north. A veil of mystery had from the first shrouded the personnel and plans of the southern relieving column, but it turned out that its command had been assigned by General Hunter to Colonel Mahon, D.S.O., whom he had learned to know and admire in our three last campaigns as a singularly dashing, yet judicious, cavalry leader, who had once, with his 7th Egyptian Horse, covered seventy miles in four-and-twenty hours, and influenced the fortunes of the fight at Omdurman by dashing his squadrons against the Dervishes. Such a man seemed predestined to lead Sir Archibald Hunter's flying column for the relief of Mafeking—a column which, according to a correspondent (Mr. Hands) who accompanied it, consisted of "a grand force of mounted men," somewhere about 2,500 strong, including some companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, the Imperial Light Horse, from Ladysmith, the Diamond Fields Horse, the Kimberley Light Horse, Royal Horse Artillery and "pom-poms," with a special equipment of light-sprung mule transports, comprising twenty waggons, while a certain amount of live stock was also herded along on the excellent principle that the best way of carrying provisions is to make them carry themselves. Starting on May 4 from Barkly West, the column moved with great rapidity, covering an average of about twenty miles a day, so that it took the Boers completely by surprise.

The route taken was between the Vaal and the Hart Rivers, then the right bank of the dry Hart River, abreast of Taungs, and then Pudimoe, Roodepoort, and Vryburg, which the column reached in five days, after a march of more than 130 miles. By Sunday, the 13th, it had got beyond Kraaipan, where the troubles of Mafeking may be said to have begun just seven months before (October 12), when the Boers wrecked one of our armoured trains. Kraaipan is about thirty miles south of Mafeking. A little to the north of it, Mahon turned the head of his column to the west, in order to avoid contact with a Boer commando from Maritsani Siding, which had come south with intent to dispute his advance, and there ensued an engagement in "thick bush" on Sunday, the 13th, which resulted in a loss to the column of about thirty killed, wounded and missing, among the captured being Mr. John Stuart, correspondent of the *Morning Post*, while the dangerously wounded included Mr. Hands of the *Daily Mail*. But, before being wounded, Mr. Hands had written a message which mentioned the most interesting fact that "Lieutenant Moorsome, of the Protectorate Regiment has arrived from Mafeking to join the column. He went first to Plumer, and then, making a wide western circuit, got through the Boers with many hairbreadth escapes, reaching Vryburg exhausted but safe, after a daring ride of nearly 300 miles"—a feat which will rank with the most famous rides of history. Touch had thus been established between Baden-Powell, Plumer, and Mahon, so it was no wonder that "Mafeking is going strong, and now knows the column is coming," a knowledge which braced it up to a final effort of a very fine kind.

### A Last Assault

On the very day when the Maritsani commando was attacking Mahon's flying column—which beat the Boers off and pursued the even tenour of its way west by north to join hands with Plumer in conformity with the information brought it by Lieutenant Moorsome, the besiegers of Mafeking were making one last desperate attempt to forestall the relievers by rushing the little town. Just before dawn of the 13th a body of Boers led by Commandant Eloff—a grandson of President Kruger, who had been in London in connection with the inquiry into the Jameson Raid—made a hot assault on the western side of the town along the Malopo valley, while the attention of the garrison was distracted by a strong musketry demonstration on the eastern side. So sudden and violent was the onset of the Eloff gentry that they rushed the pickets and got into the Kaffir location, to which they at once set fire, the natives' huts blazing for nearly a mile in length. Then finding themselves unopposed, Eloff shouted: "Hurrah! Come out, you skulkers;

to-day we take Mafeking." At the same time, however, another man behind sang out: "Run! Run! Here are the rooineks!" Nearly all, said the *Daily Mail* correspondent, turned and fled, in spite of the leader's piteously crying out, "Come back, come back! Allmachtig, we are surrounded." Yes, that they were, and by the ever-ready troops of the man who had always shown himself such a resourceful adept at trapping the trappers. The western posts closed in and barred the Boer retreat, while the town defences stopped Eloff's further advance. His force got divided in the darkness of the dawn, and a strong party was pushed in between it—one-half being penned up in a stone cattle kraal, and the other hemmed in a hollow behind a kopje, but inside the town's outer defences. Ultimately the two parties thus hemmed in were forced to surrender, while the main body of the assailants were driven out of the Staat under heavy fire. They left behind them ten dead and nineteen wounded and 113 prisoners, including seventeen Frenchmen and many Germans who had been pushed, as usual, like Uriah the Hittite, into the first fighting line. The Boer prisoners also comprised nine officers beside Commandant Eloff. Commandant Eloff, President Kruger's nephew, is the man who became notorious some time since by cursing the Queen at the Johannesburg National Race Meeting, and was subsequently promoted. He was also prominent in connection with the Jameson Raid. Accompanied by a guard of nine men of the Krugersdorp District Police, whom he left some distance off, he met Jameson's column alone, and after being detained for a short time was released and joined the Boers, who were opposing the invaders. He afterwards came to England and gave evidence at the Jameson Trial.

### Mahon and Plumer

Meanwhile Colonel Mahon's flying column, with it being the Hon. Maurice Gifford, Colonel Rhodes, the Duke of Teck and Sir John Willoughby, after beating off the Maritsani commando, was pursuing its course to the west and north, and two days later, on the 15th, it reached Janmasibi, five-and-twenty miles west of Mafeking, where it found awaiting it Colonel Plumer and his troopers from the north, who had made so many vain attempts to reach the beleaguered garrison. The meeting between those two relief columns must have been well worth seeing. United they were irresistible, and on they now marched eastward to Mafeking, which they entered victoriously at 4 a.m. on Friday, the 18th, and the same night the glorious news was known in London—all over the British Empire. But the march of the combined columns on Mafeking had by no means been a walk over Nine miles west of the place the columns had been stubbornly opposed for five long hours by a force of 1,500 Boers in a strong position, from which they were only ousted by what Mahon called the "magnificent qualities" of his troops, who had happily been

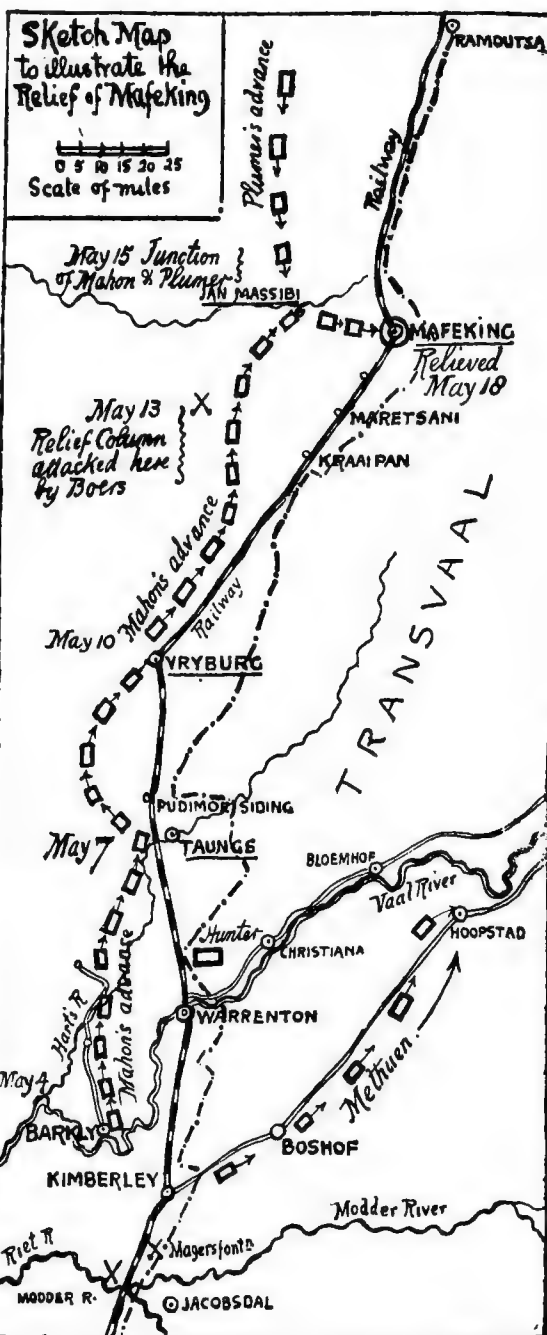
reinforced that very morning by a detachment of Canadians and Queenslanders, who had reached the battlefield by a series of forced marches from Carrington's force in the far north.

### Other Developments

Compared with the relief of Mafeking all the other incidents of the campaign seemed to be unimportant, although in reality substantial progress towards Pretoria was also made in every other direction. It used to be said that Mafeking was a place of no strategical importance, that the campaign would not in the least be effected by its loss, and that its relief was a mere question of national sentiment. But it is now seen that Mafeking has a strategical value of a very considerable kind, seeing that it may now serve as a point from which to direct a flank advance on Pretoria by Sir Archibald Hunter while Lord Roberts is moving up in front, and Sir Redvers Buller is turning the Boer left. Colonel Mahon's column may now be considered as the advance guard of General Hunter's army, which is repairing the railway from the Vaal to Mafeking and pushing north with supplies as fast as possible, while Lord Methuen is also on the forward move from Hoopstad, and Rundle is having it all his own way in the eastern part of what is now called the "Freed State." Lord Roberts himself, of course, has had to spend some time at Kroonstad, in order to make the necessary preparations for his further advance, but his mounted troops have meanwhile been doing excellent work. Among other things, they had seized Lindley and Heilbron—causing the distracted Mr. Steyn, "late President of the Free State," to select a fourth capital—Vrede. But the tide of war is now everywhere in full flood against the Boers, nor can they derive much consolation from isolated successes to their arms, such as the loss of an entire squadron of Bethune's mounted infantry through an ambush near Vryheid. This is but poor compensation for their having now been completely brushed out of Northern Natal by the energetic and brilliant strategy of Sir Redvers Buller, whose troops left Ladysmith on May 10 and reached Newcastle on the 19th, having covered 138 circuitous miles in nine days, which gives an average of something over fifteen miles a day.



COMMANDANT ELOFF  
Captured at Mafeking



THE RELIEF OF MAFKING: SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE ADVANCE OF THE RELIEF COLUMN

### THE HERO OF MAFKING AS AN ARTIST

While it is common knowledge that Major-General Baden-Powell is a great soldier and an admirable organiser and leader of men, comparatively few have realised that he is also an admirable artist as well as a distinguished actor, sportsman, and author. A great authority on sport, he is an excellent artist and a racy writer, having often contributed to *The Graphic*, besides being the author of many well-known books. A jack of all trades, he flouts the proverb by being master of each. How keen a sportsman and how clever an artist he is he has shown on many occasions, but rarely more happily than in the narrative of "Sport and Manœuvres in Northern India," which is given away with this week's *Graphic*. Coloured reproductions are given of the distinguished officer's clever water-colours sketches, and the supplement makes one look forward anxiously to the illustrated diary which, it is reasonable to suppose, he must have kept throughout the siege of Mafeking. Heretofore, Major-General Baden-Powell has always kept elaborate diaries, which, as all who have seen them will bear witness, are models of neat execution, being closely written in ink and illustrated on the margin in water-colour. Fortune and inclination made General Baden-Powell a soldier—but no one who has ever met him can doubt that he would have come out somewhere at the top and been an excellent amateur soldier, even as now he writes amateur against the other arts with which he amuses himself and his friends. When quite a boy he amused himself with sketching, and, like an eminent naturalist of the writer's acquaintance, he got into the habit of holding his pencil or paint-brush in the left hand. According to his recent biographer, Mr. Begbie,

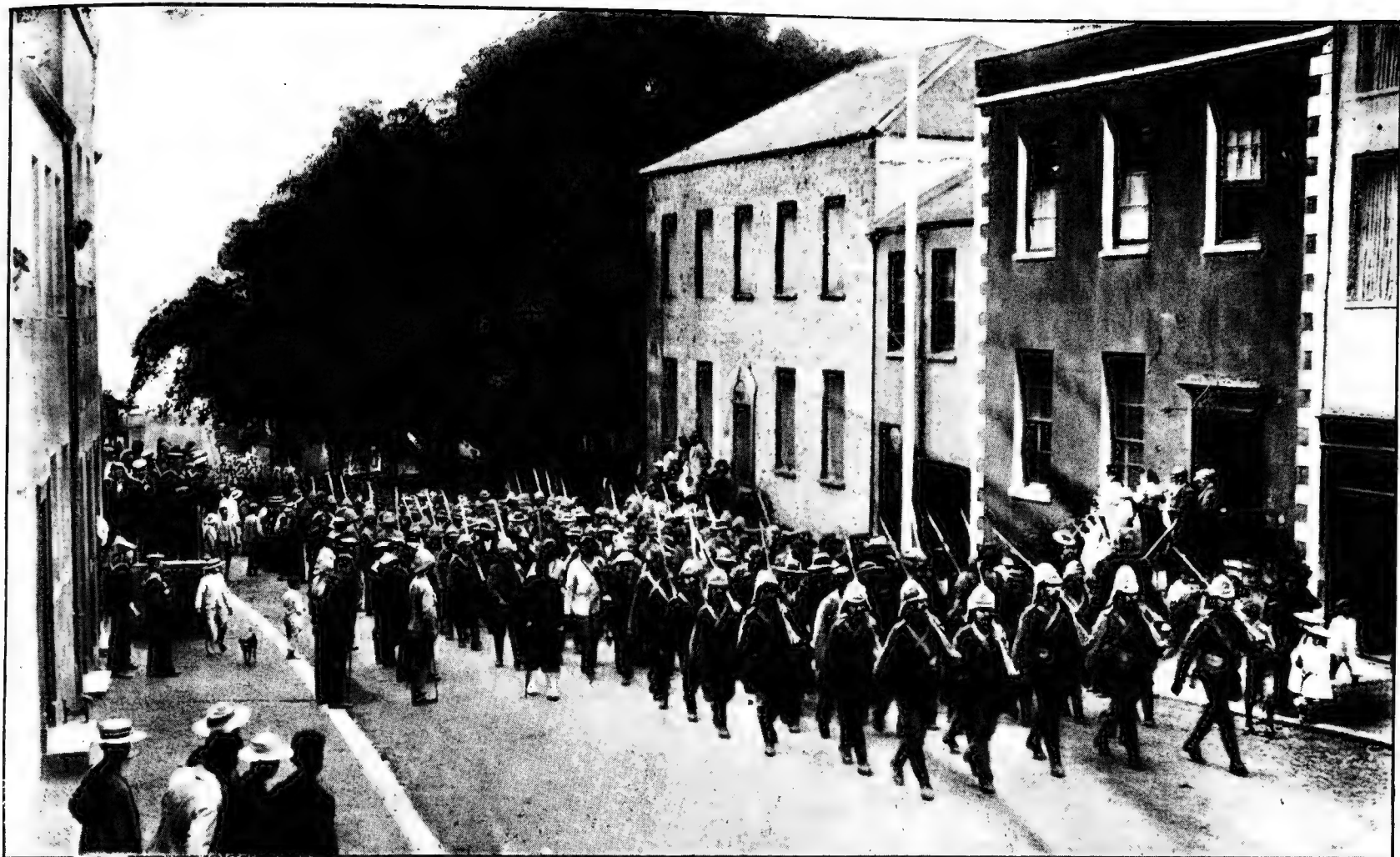
His sketches won the admiration of Ruskin, who once sat by the young-ter's side and with a piece of paper on the top of his hat painted a vase with Master B.P.'s penny box of paints. Ruskin was one of those who urged Mrs. Baden-Powell not to interfere with B.P.'s habit of drawing with his left hand. The result of this is that B.P. can now make a sketch with his left hand and shade it in at the same time with his right. All his letters are written with his left hand.

Of humorous stories in which this talent for sketching has played a part there are many. Perhaps one of the most amusing was that related in a contemporary by a traveller who was on board the *Dunvegan Castle* when General Baden-Powell returned to England after the Matabele War:—

The Colonel had by chance left the book he had been reading—Selous's "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia," quite a new book then—in the ladies' saloon. I think it was the only copy we had on board, and, therefore, much sought after. On going to look for it later in the day, it had disappeared. The Colonel, after asking a few passengers if they had seen it, apparently took no further notice of the matter. The following morning, to our great amusement, a notice was found pinned on the green baize board outside the saloon. It was a sheet of note-paper. On one side was a pen-and-ink sketch of a sweetly pretty girl reading a book, and on the opposite page a ghastly being in petticoats! On the first page, underneath the pretty girl, "Is the lady—(I don't know how he found out it was a lady)—who has stolen Colonel Baking-Powder's book like this?" And on the next page, underneath the atrocity, "or like this?" Needless to say, the book was returned, and the following morning appeared a sketch of a pretty girl, with an outrageous caricature of the Colonel kneeling at her feet, entitled, "Colonel Baking-Powder returning thanks for the recovery of his book!"

Now we are all hoping that the soldier in him has not driven him into entirely neglecting the artist.





BOER PRISONERS PASSING THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF JAMESTOWN ON THEIR WAY TO DEADWOOD CAMP

GENERAL CRONJE, his wife, and three members of his staff were landed at St. Helena at eleven o'clock on Saturday, April 14. Colonel Leeke accompanied them, and they were driven to the Castle, where they were met by the Governor and his wife. They stayed an hour there, and were afterwards driven to Kent Cottage. Cronje was apparently cheerful, and on leaving the Castle was smiling. The remainder of the prisoners, including Schiel, were to land on the 16th, but this arrangement had to be forestalled in the case of the German

mercenary, who had been noticed to be growing restless, and who made an attempt to escape on the Saturday night. He bribed a boatman to take a letter to a Dutch cruiser in port, but the missive was conveyed in mistake to H.M.S. *Niobe* instead. Commandant Schiel and two other prisoners were accordingly landed on Sunday and sent to the High Knoll Citadel. Schiel had a large knife with him. He refused to ride in a carriage, saying he preferred to walk, but he was promptly ordered back, and it is stated that orders have been issued to shoot him if he makes another attempt to escape. Schiel was released

from the Citadel on April 17 and sent to join the other prisoners at Deadwood. The prisoners are all pleased with the healthy situation of their new quarters. Half the population of the island came into Jamestown to see the unique spectacle of the landing of the Boers and their departure for Deadwood, but there was no demonstration such as greeted the German Schiel on his way to High Knoll Citadel, when the sailors and soldiers who met him on the road at once started singing "Rule Britannia" and "Soldiers of the Queen." Two more batches of prisoners have since been landed.

COLONEL SCHIEL BEING TAKEN FROM THE LANDING-STAGE AT JAMESTOWN TO HIGH KNOLL CITADEL  
THE FIRST BATCH OF BOER PRISONERS AT ST. HELENA

From Photographs by A. L. Innes, St. Helena



SIGNORA DUSE AS SILVIA SETTALA IN "LA GIOCONDA" AT THE LYCEUM

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Two Drawing Rooms revealed, as usual, the newest effects in dress. Some people assert that a wedding gown in a drawing room gown are the most becoming apparel a woman can wear, yet, seeing the searching east wind that prevailed, it was scarcely possible even for the loveliest *débutante* to influence of the weather, especially as chiffon and lace, and transparent trains, a charmingly spring-like and extravagant foreign triumph. The drawing room, though poetical and romantic, is certainly a most practical idea, and one groans to see fine old lace on the ground exposed to the tears and the rude catches of the wind. Black and cream are the prevailing colours. The dresses of Wales were both on these occasions, and looked well in each.

Some Empire gowns were seen; one of cream lace and embroidered with silver was worn by a Princess and much admired. Mrs. Mackay's gown of primrose and mauve chiffon was fresh as spring itself, and bore about with it a breath of pansies and daisies. Lady Castlereagh, Lady Chesterfield with her splendid jewels, Lady Tullibardine and Lady Balcarres in their lovely white wedding gowns, shone out in beauty and grace from among the crowd. Lady Teynham's magnificent toilette of white satin, with some wonderful mauve embroidery and gold appliqué, sable and Brussels lace, and the train of rich strawberry satin; Lady Crawshaw's petunia satin, veiled in jet and gold tissue; Lady Alice Packe's green silk, with jewelled embroideries; Lady Farquhar's white crêpe de Chine, and Lady Hartopp's white satin, with Venetian collar of lace, and bunches of white poppies, and Lady Helen Vincent's green crêpe de Chine, may be noted as some of the prettiest costumes. The clinging fabrics, the masses of embroidery, the abundance of chiffon and lace have introduced a picturesqueness into Court dress which is eminently becoming to youth and beauty.

America, practical as usual, seems to have extracted some satisfactory results from women's clubs, which in our country only serve the purposes of recreation and gossip. A lady writing in the *Nineteenth Century* informs us that in almost every town, however small, these women's clubs form an artistic and educational centre. They have grappled with many modern problems of civilisation, and have solved them with a wonderful enthusiasm, wholeheartedness and energy. "This London organisation of 15,000 women claim to have organised existing charities, supervised children's civic duties, cleaned city streets and country roads, founded children's penny banks, training schools, jubilee libraries, reading-rooms, museums, art galleries, scholarships, monuments and drinking fountains. They have secured for girls, tenement house improvements, model lodging houses, comfortable homes, inexpensive rest rooms, funds for aid to the poor, and legal counsel." If these ladies have done only half of what they state, they have done a great and good work; they have performed the functions of County Council, Vestry, and Members of Parliament in one, and deserve the respect and admiration of men.

Men are generally supposed to love little personal belongings. A woman's room usually includes a litter of small objects, a collection of useless trifles. At one time there was a craze for china dogs, at another for woollen monkeys, at another for silver ornaments, chairs, tables, and carriages, at another for filigree fans, and silk pocket-handkerchiefs. The expression, "a woman's room," on the contrary, denotes severe simplicity, ornamented with guns, prints, walking-sticks, and containing large, comfortable chairs. I met the other day a woman who, like Gallio, cared for none of these trivial things; who even destroyed pictures lest she should grow tired of them; who hung her

walls with plain coloured silk, and actually possessed tables on which one could stand a teacup. Will the evolution of woman cause her rooms to resemble those of her brothers? Will she resign little personal property, and discard her *bibels*, contenting herself with the purely necessary, the severely artistic? The question must be largely interesting to trade.

Will bees ever become drawing-room pets? It really seems as if it might be so, after hearing how satisfactory a result has been achieved in Mrs. Paden-Powell's drawing-room. This lady seems to be as resourceful and original as her famous son. A friend presented her with a swarm of bees, and at once, with ready ingenuity, she housed them in her London drawing-room. The beehives, of



Dress of *ceru* linen, trimmed with cream embroidery. The skirt has broad pleats back and front and three rows of embroidery caught together at intervals by openwork embroidery ornaments. The hem is festooned with *ceru* silk. Blouse bodice under a bolero of the embroidery, gathered sleeves with embroidered cuffs. Waistbelt of bright, cherry-coloured silk, and knot of the same silk in the straw hat, which is also trimmed with marguerites.

### COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY

plaited straw, we are told, stand on decorated pedestals along the wall. The glass windows permit all the busy, interesting little creatures to be observed without fear of danger, while the strange square pipe communicating with the open air affords the means of exit and completely shuts them off from the rest of the room. This original arrangement is naturally the cause of much amusement to visitors, and offers a new vista for household pets. Why restrict ourselves to dogs and cats, when the whole field of natural history lies before us? Why not have a menagerie like Sir Frank Buckland, or buy every kind of strange animal as Sir Thomas More did in his house at Chelsea, where all the birds of the neighbourhood came to be fed, and where he kept a monkey, a fox, a ferret, and a weasel? Much novel amusement might be extracted from curious creatures like crabs, with their quaint talent for mimicry and assumption of death.

## Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot

WE cannot remember to have read, at any rate within recent years, a book on the ever-fascinating topics of the French Revolution and the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte that has interested us more than this volume. It has been compiled from the letters of the Baroness de Courtot to Frau von Alvensleben, and the diary of the latter by her great-grandson, Moritz von Kaisenberg, and admirably translated into English by Miss Jessie Haynes.

In the early pages of the book is a letter dated "Roermonde, August 15, 1793," to the husband of Frau von Alvensleben from his cousin, Major Rauchhaupt, an officer of the German army in Holland, in which he writes:—

I have a great favour to ask of you. . . . I am much concerned about a young French lady, a refugee, Baroness de Courtot by name, whom I should greatly like to confide to your care. She has suffered terrible things. She was *name d'atour* to the hapless Princess de Lamballe, and very nearly fell a victim herself to the guillotine. When actually on her way to the scaffold she was rescued as by a miracle, and then fled the country, and took refuge here.

The kind-hearted Germans at once acceded to this request, and the Baroness became as one of the family, until, in 1801, by which time Napoleon was practically the ruler of France, she returned to Paris in order to get back her estates, which had been confiscated by the Revolutionaries.

Broken in health and nerves by the terrible sufferings she had undergone, and the fearful scenes she had witnessed, it was not until a year after her arrival that she was strong enough to tell her benefactress the story of her life.

In 1783, when twenty years of age, she became lady-in-waiting to the Princess de Lamballe, and left Paris for Savoy at the time when the ferment was beginning in the capital. A year later, on the invitation of Marie Antoinette, she returned with the Princess to Paris.

"We exchanged," she says, "our tranquil home for the witches' cauldron of the capital, in which every base passion of the populace seethed and flared high, menacing destruction to the very throne itself."

Much as the Baroness admired the Queen, she was by no means blind to her faults. Speaking of her to her friends she says:—

As an Austrian she had from the first been detested by the nation at large; she offended the nobility, and by her heedless extravagance often gave the people real cause of complaint. . . . The anger of the people waxed loud as they saw vast sums, destined properly for useful purposes, squandered on the costly pleasures of the Queen.

The Queen's reputation soon began to suffer, for she cast off, we are told, all trammels of Court etiquette, and assembled round her a group of persons of very dubious character. Those who had the most influence with the Queen, "and consequently on the Government," being her hairdresser, Léonard, her *modiste*, Mademoiselle Bertin, and an elderly and wealthy directress of a theatre, Demoiselle Montasin.

In 1784 occurred the "dreadful affair of the diamond necklace," of which the Baroness gives a detailed, and (considering that she was in some degree mixed up in it) what appears to be a very truthful account. "In this matter," she says, "the Queen was as absolutely blameless as I, who in a measure shared in the accusation." The calumny, however, became a fixed idea with the people, and from that time all manner of accusations were brought against her.

The Baroness de Courtot attributes most of the sufferings of the Queen, and even the death of the Princess de Lamballe, to the machinations of the Duc d'Orléans, that "despicable renegade, Philippe Egalité." In referring to the scandal about the Queen, she says:—

But at the bottom of all these base aspersions, as of the necklace affair itself, was the vile Philippe d'Orléans—of that the Queen and we ladies were unalterably persuaded. He was intimately associated with Cagliostro and his band, and initiated the entire plot to ruin the Queen's reputation out of spite for her indignant rejection of his proposals. I hold that man capable of any crime.

We must pass over the exciting events of October 5 and 6, 1789, when the mob marched on Versailles, and when "occurred that monstrous attempt to assassinate the Queen, of which I am perfectly persuaded Philippe d'Orléans was the dastardly instigator," to the return of Princess de Lamballe and Cecile de Courtot from

"Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot." (Heinemann.)

England, where they had been sent by the Queen to try to persuade George IV. to invade France. On their arrival in Paris they found that "a drunken, half-demented rabble poured, howling and singing ribald songs, through the streets; the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde daily claimed hundreds of victims, and a sickening reek of blood hung over the whole city. The Royal family were prisoners in the Temple."

To add to her griefs, the Baroness found that her mother had just died suddenly. The next day she made her way, with the Princess, to the Temple.

On September 18 she was with the Queen, when suddenly yells were heard from the street, and the words "Citoyenne Capet, Citoyenne Capet, *regardez donc!*" were distinct above the rest. The Queen approached the window, and the next moment fell fainting to the ground. The Baroness looked through the window, and she says:—

There I beheld a beloved head, the sweet and bloodless face framed in long curls; saw two wide-open glassy blue eyes, which even death had been powerless to rob of their melting expression—the head of my idolised friend stuck upon a pike and borne aloft in the midst of a howling mob of devils!

The Princess had been tried for conspiring against the nation, and acquitted, but she was cut to pieces on leaving the Hall of Justice.

Cecile de Courtot now became seriously ill, and did not awake to full consciousness until the following June, by which time the King had been guillotined, and she had but a faint recollection of the Queen's removal to the Conciergerie.

She gives a most touching description of her prison and its fifty occupants, each one awaiting the call of the executioner.

We should have mentioned that the Baroness had been engaged for some time to a young officer of the Garde du Corps, Hector de Trellissac, and he it was who saved her life eventually.

### Our Portraits

SIR MONTAGU F. OMMANEY, K.C.M.G., Crown Agent for the Colonies, has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office. Sir Montagu undertakes an arduous task, but those who have seen the very capable manner in which he has fulfilled the peculiar functions of Crown Agent have little doubt as to the wisdom of the appointment. The new Secretary was born in 1846, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1864. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

General Lord Mark Kerr, G.C.B., was eighty-three years of age. He commanded the 13th Light Infantry, now the Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry, in the Crimea, and was present at the fall of Sebastopol. During the Indian Mutiny he commanded the 1st Battalion of the same regiment, and was thanked by Lord Canning for his gallantry. Lord Mark Kerr was the son of the sixth Marquess of Lothian, and in 1835, after leaving Harrow, obtained his commission in the 13th Foot. In 1868 he attained the rank of major-general, and became full general in 1878. In 1893 he received the Grand Cross of the Bath. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Thomas Arthur Hervey-Bathurst, Bart., was born in 1833, and in 1851, after leaving Eton, received a commission in the Grenadier Guards with which regiment



THE LATE GENERAL LORD MARK KERR  
Crimean Veteran



SIR MONTAGU OMMANEY  
New Permanent Under-Secretary of the  
Colonial Office



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR F. T. A.  
HERVEY-BATHURST  
Crimean Veteran

he served through the Crimean campaign, 1854-55, being present at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and at the fall of Sebastopol. In 1861 he retired from the service with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and sat for the Conservative party in the House of Commons as member for South Wiltshire from that year until 1865. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

### The Court

ONCE more her people have been wishing the Queen "many happy returns of the day." Her Majesty has had many memorable birthdays, but her eighty-first will ever be remembered as falling in the midst of a burst of enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism such as could not be equalled even in Jubilee times. Her Majesty generally prefers to spend her birthday in the quiet of her Highland home, so the Court left for Balmoral on Tuesday, and the anniversary on Thursday was simply marked at the Castle by the reception of many letters, gifts and congratulations by telegram. London kept the Royal birthday a day in advance—on Wednesday—with the usual festivities of trooping the colour at the Horse Guards, diplomatic dinners and receptions.

Of course, at Court, as with the nation at large, the relief of Mafeking has been the all-absorbing theme. The Queen heard the news while at dinner, where, curiously enough, one of her guests was Lord Salisbury, whose son, Lord Edward Cecil, is one of Colonel Baden-Powell's heroic band. Her Majesty's feelings are best expressed in her own words—that she "has received with the greatest gratification and thankfulness the news of the relief of Mafeking." The news was speedily communicated to the Household and the Mayor of Windsor by the Queen's direction, and loyal Windsor at once set about organising a triumphal torchlight procession, which the townsfolk were specially anxious to lead up to the Castle under Her Majesty's windows. The Queen gave permission, so on Saturday night the Castle quadrangle presented a most picturesque scene to the Royal onlookers. After dining in the Oak Room, Her Majesty came at ten o'clock to a window of the grand corridor, and there watched the spectacle in company with Princesses Christian and Beatrice and a group of grandchildren.

Earlier in the day Her Majesty had been to Wellington College. The Queen has always taken a special interest in this institution, as the Prince Consort was most active in promoting the scheme. Moreover, Her Majesty both laid the foundation-stone and opened

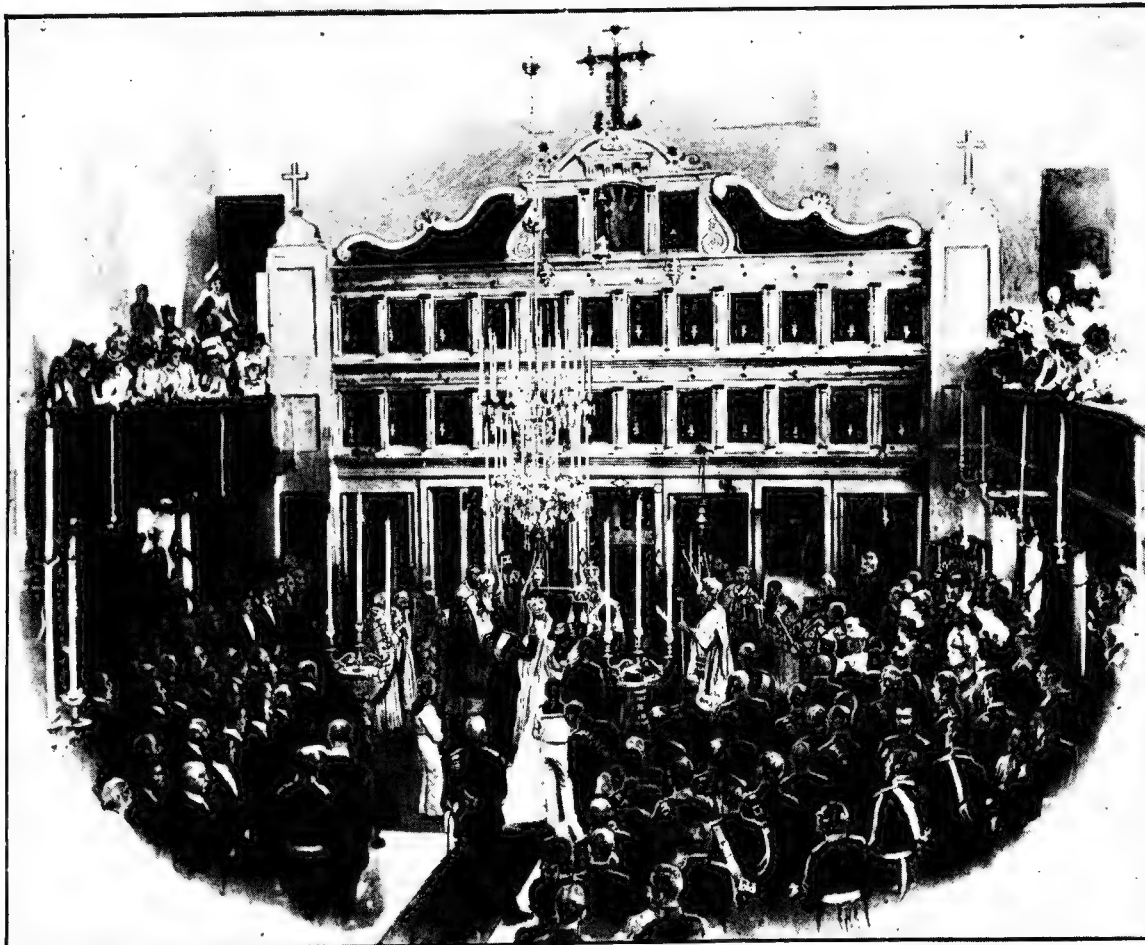
the college, while now one of her grandsons, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Princess Beatrice's eldest boy, has entered there as a student. After the fatigues of Saturday the Queen spent a quiet Sunday, with only Princess Louise and Prince Arthur of Connaught for lunch. One more military function took place before the Court left Scotland, the Queen inspecting reinforcements from the Grenadiers going out to Africa. As usual, Her Majesty travelled by night to the north, reaching Balmoral on Wednesday afternoon. Her stay in the Highlands will not exceed three weeks this month.

The baptism of the little Prince of York at Windsor was a very plain ceremonial. Only 12 relatives were present, with a few of the Household, and the Service took place in the private chapel, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon D. officiating. The baby had eight sponsors, his godmothers being the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Cumberland, and Princess Charles of Denmark, and his godfathers the German Emperor, Prince George of Greece, Prince Alexander of Teck and Lord Roberts. Prince Albrecht of Prussia came over specially to represent Emperor William, and the Queen gave the child to the Bishop, naming him Henry William Frederick Albert.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain in town, where they have been taking part in the celebration of the Queen's birthday. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales, with the Dukes of Connaught and York and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and next day he witnessed the trooping of the colour at the Horse Guards, the Princess with her daughters and the Duchess of York and children, watching as usual from a window. The Princess on Thursday opened the Grand National Bazaar in Aid of the War Funds, and on the following day she would hold the last Drawing Room of the season. The Prince and Princess, with Princess Victoria, are at the Opera nearly every evening, the Duchess of Fife often joining the party. Next month the Prince and Princess visit Norwich to open the new buildings of the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children, erected as the Norfolk and Norwich memorial of the Queen's record reign.

The Austrian Court is certainly relaxing its former rigid etiquette. After the Emperor sanctioning the union of the Crown Princess Stéphanie outside a Royal house, his Majesty now gives his consent to the heir to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, marrying the beautiful Countess Sophie Chotek, with whom he has so long been desperately in love. Instead of this being an ordinarymorganatic marriage, the bride will be recognised as the regular consort of the heir-presumptive.

The marriage of the Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Russia and Princess Marie of Greece took place on May 13 in the Church of St. George, in the citadel, in the presence of the King and Queen of Greece, the other members of the Royal Family, the Grand Duke Michael, father of the Grand Duke George, the Greek Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Justice, the Russian Minister, the Russian Admiral and officers of the Russian ships of war in port. On the conclusion of the ceremony their Majesties, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess and the rest of the Royal and Imperial party proceeded to the Church of St. Spiridione (the patron saint of the island), and thence to the Palace of St. Michael and St. George. In the evening the Imperial pair, accompanied by the other members of the Royal family and the father of the Grand Duke, embarked in His Majesty's yacht *Anphelrety* on their way to Sorrento. Our photographs are by Otho Alexander, Corfu.



THE WEDDING SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CORFU

THE MARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE MICHAELOVITCH AND PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE



THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE MICHAELOVITCH AND HIS BRIDE  
THE ROYAL WEDDING IN CORFU



## EXTREME OBESITY IS BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.

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Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity, which, within recent years, has been the result of the original researches of that now eminent physician, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeableness of his curative process have been a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen who have an opportunity of judging from the pages of society papers and journals, owing to the general employment of Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is a thing of the past at fashion-land, as intoxication; and, no doubt, is regarded as nearly as disgraceful as the eighteenth edition of the author's convincing little text-book, "Corpulent Cure," however, serves to remind the popularity of the system has now reached a stage remote from those of West End. The book of 256 pages may be had for four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden which, because it is unseemly and adds to the apparent age of the sufferer—but extreme obesity terribly interferes with the necessary, in these days of competition, the way in the world, or even to earn a competency. A large proportion of the letters from Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents are of the kind which express delight at being enabled—within a very short period and without any irksome conditions—to attack their accursed obesity with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, the high being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, no doubt, to the English hatred of mystery, which is not swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains the modus operandi, and supplies the recipe for the preparation.—*Bicester Herald*.

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## New Novels

## "THE BATH COMEDY"

It was worth the while of Agnes and Egerton Castle to have laid the scene of their "Comedy" (Macmillan and Co.) in Bath for the sake of its enabling them to write their very delightful preface. Indeed the preface is only too delightful in its promise of a picture of Bath in the earliest days of George III. For the "Comedy" itself might as well, or better, have been played in the Paris or Madrid of a hundred years earlier, the flavour of time or place is so concentrated in the preface that little or none has been left for the novel. The result is like smelling a musk-blossom, which yields its whole fragrance with its first breath, and is scentless in its second. Not more than moderately amusing can be called the stratagem of that exceedingly frisky young widow, Kitty Bellairs, for restoring to his wife the wandering and apparently worthless affections of Sir Jasper Standish, with a few of her own flirtations thrown in. Still, when we say "moderately amusing," we intend to emphasize the epithet fully as its qualifying adverb. Though the reader may never laugh, even when the comedy runs to farce, he will often smile, and will certainly not wish to leave his seat till the curtains fall.

## "KIDDY"

Of course it does not follow that we of this generation are without humours and oddities because we have no Dickens. Perhaps indeed he may be on his way. But, whenever he arrives, we may be sure that he will no more be like his literary ancestor than our foibles and sentimentalities resemble those of our grandfathers. It seems, therefore, a good deal of anachronism to write as if 1900 were still 1850, and as if the works of the Charles Dickens were not amply sufficient in number, quality, and ease of purchase to satisfy everybody without belated imitations of their manner. Mr. Tom Gallon's "Kiddy" (Hutchinson and Co.) forms yet another contribution to the least required of all imaginable revivals. We have always thought, ever since the appearance of his "Tatterley," that Mr. Gallon could follow Dickens in a better sense were he to strike out a line of his own and to make a clean sweep of his second-hand mannerisms; and, after reading "Kiddy," we think so still. Meanwhile, the story of the money-lender who was haunted by the shadow of a murdered clerk until he exorcised it by making somebody happy is as unconvincing as Dickens himself could be at times, without the qualities that made the master's unconvincingness of very small account indeed. It is of little use to revive the mannerisms of Dickens unless one can revive what seems to be his

wholly lost art of exciting laughter. Cannot his pupils see this for themselves?

## "THE PRINCESS SOPHIA"

A novel without at least one love affair would once have been among the very few things that can safely be called impossible. Mr. E. F. Benson, in "The Princess Sophia" (William Heinemann) has now made the prodigy not merely possible, but actual. His Princess is the middle-aged sovereign of Rhodopé, somewhere on the coast-line of Albania, with a mania for gambling, and a husband

sketches of character, chiefly in the form of stories, together with two or three papers on such kindred subjects as "Folk-prayers" and other rustic survivals (Isbister and Co.). The portraits, which run mostly to pathos, are obviously taken more or less from life, though as obviously owing something—more rather than less—to artistic handling. It would not be easy to find anything more intensely pathetic than the opening story of the village tailor, who was inspired by the brilliant idea of compiling a verbal index to the Bible, spent thirty-five years of secret labour upon it, and brought it at last in triumph to the Rector, only to find that Cruden had been before him. We do not mention this, however, as especially typical of a volume whose contents are too varied to admit of more than passing mention.

## "THE HARVESTERS"

An innocent man who does his best to let himself be hanged for murder, in order that the woman he loves may be happy as the wife of the actual unsuspected murderer, is certainly no ordinary hero. Such is Dick Archer, who forms one of the little village group dealt with by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, under the idyllic title of "The Harvesters" (John Long). They are, indeed, no ordinary set of rustics from any point of view, apart from the extreme a case as that of the melodramatic poacher, Dick's father, who lives in his own freehold with his savage daughter, and sets the law defiance in a way that seems hardly contemporaneous with reaping machines. The plot is well arranged—almost too well to carry conviction of reality, and of the balance of serious and "comic" business it may say the same.

## "BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY"

Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "The Old Dominion," has found in the early history of Virginia unsurpassably exciting materials for her new romance, "By Order of the Company" (Archibald Constable and Co.), and she has made excellent use of them. Moreover she has not been content, in the usual manner of the historical novel, as at present understood, to treat her adventures as so many scarcely connected episodes, but has made them flow naturally one from the other, and subordinated them both to her portraiture and to her picture of manners in an infant colony that is now a State with a history of over four hundred years. Then, again, the hero of the adventures among Pirates and Redmen, too numerous for more than the barest mention, although he tells his own story, engages the sympathy as well as the interest of the reader; for, unlike nearly the whole of his order, he is a gentleman and not a booby. His triumph over the heart of the fine lady from the English Court whose hand he had purchased at the colonial market rate of 120 pounds of tobacco, is by no means on all-fours with the story of Katherine and Petruchio; but then there has always been something to be said on the other side—and Miss Johnston has said it unquestionably well.



Laing's Nek Tunnel occupies a very noteworthy position in that it is a main entrance into the Transvaal from Natal. It pierces the Drakensberg, and is half a mile in length. The tunnel is built of freestone. The Boers had originally intended to hold Laing's Nek, but it was occupied by Lord Dundonald on the 19th, the British rapid advance having prevented the enemy making any stand. The original idea of the Boers for the destruction of the tunnel was to send two engines loaded with dynamite from each end under full steam, but this pretty scheme was not carried out, though telegrams from Volksrust state that a terrific dynamite explosion took place which completely wrecked the line, and has rendered communication impossible. Later intelligence, however, states that the damage caused by the blowing in of the tunnel can be easily repaired. Our photograph is by Robert Gell, Newcastle.

## LAING'S NEK TUNNEL, BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS

and prime-minister who more or less feebly and quite futilely intrigue against her and one another. The point of the story is how, by way of a last stake, she gambles away her principality to a stranger under circumstances and with results which, in fairness to Mr. Benson, we may not disclose. It is written in its author's bright and lively manner, with plenty of good-natured chaff at the expense of actual things and people.

## "IN A QUIET VILLAGE"

Under the above title, Mr. S. Baring-Gould collects some twenty

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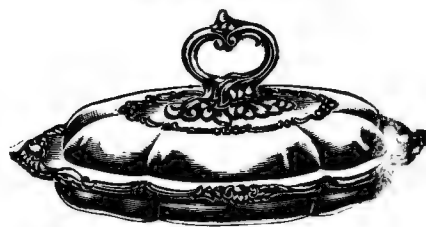
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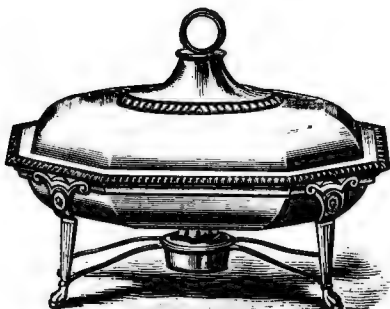
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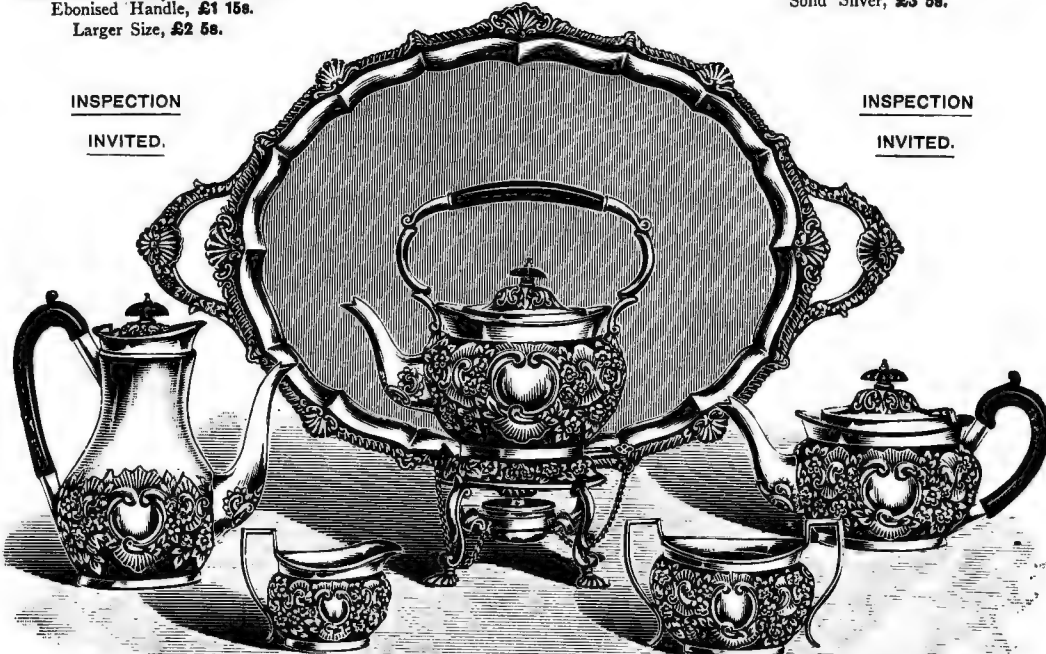
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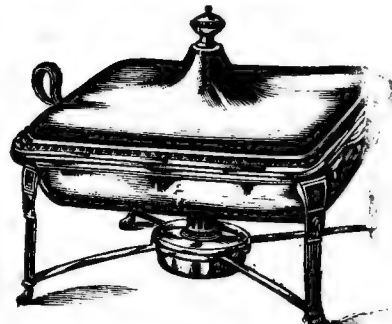
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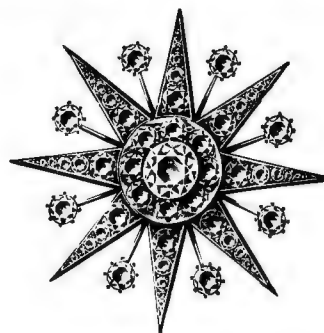
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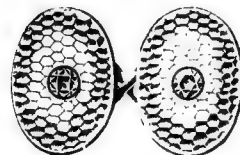


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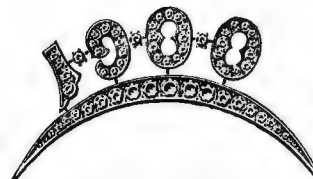
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## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

SOCRATES said of himself, "The only thing I know is that I know nothing." It is stated, in generally well-informed circles, that the War Office has decided to adopt the sentence as the motto for the department.

Special preparations should have been made to convey the official news of the relief of Mafeking to the War Office with the least possible delay, and great indignation is felt and expressed generally that adequate arrangements for the purpose were not made. Ever since the beginning of May it has been known that Mafeking must either fall or be relieved before the month closed, and the utmost anxiety has been caused by this knowledge throughout the Empire. It is much to be regretted that an official announcement from a British source should have been so long delayed.

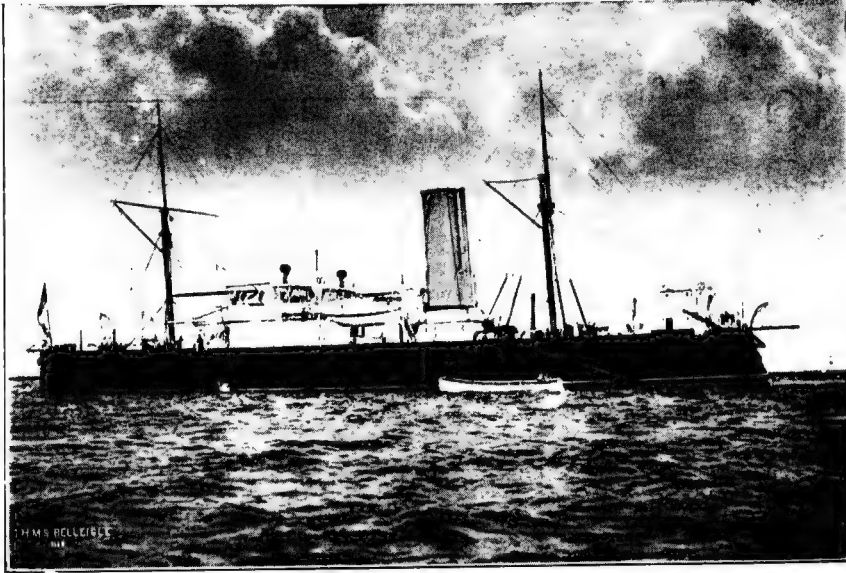
The heroes of the war until now are decidedly Lord Roberts, General Baden-Powell, of Mafeking, Sir George White and Captain Percy Scott, of Ladysmith, Colonel Kekewich, of Kimberley, General French, and Lord Dundonald. They have between them added a brilliant chapter to the military history of Great Britain, and they will all have their services handsomely rewarded. If a manufacturer can secure a baronetcy by contributing largely to the local funds of his party, or a brewer by contributing substantially to the central fund, surely such men as Baden-Powell, Percy Scott, Sir George White, and Kekewich have claims which are of greater importance?

Soldiers, unfortunately, are seldom rich, and it has been wisely decided by the Queen that it is against the interests of the State to confer peerages on those whose fortune is insufficient to maintain the dignity of the position. It is probable, however, that Parliament will present considerable grants of money at the end of the war to Lord Roberts, Sir George White, Colonel Baden-Powell and Colonel Kekewich. There is a possibility, therefore, that two of the three who have been named last may be raised to the Peerage. Sir George White is specially deserving of that distinction, for his defence of Ladysmith practically broke the back of the Boer attack.

Some singularly imaginative accounts of the behaviour of West End men on the now memorable Friday have been published in the newspapers. One writer described the members of a club in Piccadilly as dancing in the hall with large flags wrapped round their necks and with small flags in their hands! The members of Piccadilly clubs are not demonstrative. The whole training of well-bred men throughout the civilised world is directed to enable them

to restrain their feelings, and to prevent them from displaying unduly that they are pleased or pained. A member dancing in the hall of a well-conducted Piccadilly club, with an assortment of flags about his person, would certainly have to account for his eccentric antics to the committee.

It seems to be generally taken for granted now that the Government will resign within the next few months. This belief is making the majority of members or candidates chary of spending money, for the election expenses will make a considerable call on their resources. That is unfortunate for London tradesmen, and those who are directly and indirectly dependent on them are already



H.M.S. Belleisle, an old battleship, is to be moored off Solsey, for the purpose of being sacrificed as a target, in some novel experiments by the Channel Squadron. The Belleisle, which was originally built for Turkey, under the name of *Payki Sherref*, at the time of the Russian war scare in 1878, was purchased by our Government for about a quarter of a million. A few years ago she was acting as guardship at Kingstown, since when she has been at Devonport. Our photograph is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth

### FROM BATTLESHIP TO NAVAL TARGET

suffering greatly from the effects of the war. Naturally, members of Parliament and others will not hire big houses in London for a season which will be exceptionally devoid of gaieties, and which may terminate at any moment.

There will, however, be a rush of visitors from every part of the world a few months hence to witness the triumphant return of the victorious Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by the heroes of the war, and followed by his gallant army. There will be a wee! then such as London has never experienced, and before which even the enthusiastic demonstrations of last week will fade into comparative insignificance. It is impossible to predict the route which the triumphant army will take, but it is to be hoped that Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall will be in the line of march.

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

ONE of the most sunless of Mays is drawing to a close, and still the north wind reigns. The trees are, indeed, gay with the bright, keen hue of spring, but look closely and you see the edges of the young leaves browned and shrivelled, the blossoms in the orchards touched with black. The hop gardens are a deplorable sight in many cases, the young shoots being blighted and blackened by the night frosts and day winds. The lilacs and laburnums, irises and narcissi are in full bloom, but the struggle against the Arctic currents is exhausting, and the blossom goes off after half the time of lasting which characterises an ordinarily genial season. The arrival of the swallow seems in a curious way to have been quite arrested; in fact there appear to be fewer with us now than there were at the end of April. The cuckoos and nightingales have seldom been so little heard; doubtless in bleak weather they stifle their note. The sun will soon have attained his highest point of influence, so it is not surprising to find a Greenwich sun register of 124 degrees *in vacuo*. But against this we have to set such absolutely disastrous records as 40 degrees at Brighton and 41 degrees at Torquay. The south of England has been peculiarly afflicted. On the 18th it was 4 degrees warmer in the Orkneys than in London. In the open country the promise of the season is the worst for many years. Wheat is thin as well as backward; the spring sowings of barley and oats have made but a weak and irregular growth. Mangolds and turnip plants, just showing above the ground, have been immediately cut back, and this bleak weather is not only bad in itself, but almost always brings the ravages of the turnip fly to the root crops, while it is strongly in favour of the wire-worm among the wheat and in the pastures.

### LONDON BIRDS

The wood-pigeons have become among the tamest of London birds, and the pair that nest in the tree off a small lane on the north of Cheapside are paralleled by others which build in equally noisy parts of central London. The number in St. James's Park is remarkable. In the same park magpies have built this year, and it is even said that there is a magpie's nest in the little piece of garden at the back of No. 10, Downing-street. Greenfinches, which in the country are disappearing rather rapidly, are gaining ground in the London parks. Wagtails haunt Battersea Park, which is within easy reach of the Thames foreshore. The willow warbler is numerous not only in the Thames osiers above Brentford, but even as far within the metropolitan district as Putney and Fulham. The swallows are much less numerous than usual this year, and we fear that many thousands have been killed by the night frosts of this bitter May. The blackbirds and thrushes in gardens within the County Council jurisdiction are very numerous, and we have recently noticed wrens, tomtits, redstarts, and yellowhammers

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## The Opera Season

WE have had a spirited fortnight at Covent Garden, where the management have mounted no fewer than eight operas within the first nine nights, and where also, on Friday last week, we had a patriotic scene almost without parallel in living memory. When the Queen was young, and again during the Crimean War, there were many National celebrations at Her Majesty's Opera, but never of so popular and impromptu a character as that of Friday night. It was after the second act of *Lohengrin* that somebody in the gallery, in a loud voice, announced the relief of Mafeking. The Prince of Wales, indeed, had tried to telephone to the War Office, but that stronghold of red-tape obstinately declined to acknowledge or receive any telephonic "ring up." The editor of a great daily paper proved more accommodating, and the text of the despatch was telephoned through to the opera house. Nevertheless, as the news was not official, it was decided that it should not be announced from the stage. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York had meanwhile left the first tier and had assembled in the Royal box, where the Princess of Wales and the Princess Victoria, together with Prince Albrecht of Prussia, already were. When, therefore, the gentleman in the gallery suggested that in default of the band, which that evening was conducted by Herr Mottl, who, being a Viennese, would hardly be expected to enter thoroughly into a British national affair, they should sing "God Save the Queen," the whole of the audience, the Prince beating time with his gloved hand, accepted the hint, and the National Anthem was sung in a manner perhaps more creditable to the patriotism than to the musical capabilities of the house. Indeed, the gallery man at first pitched the hymn a good tone too high; but Madame Blanche Marchesi, who happened to be sitting in the stalls, started it afresh, and the audience joined in with enthusiasm, some of them, indeed, producing from some mysterious receptacle tiny national flags which they waved wildly. On Saturday also the National Anthem was played by the band under Signor Mancinelli, before the performance commenced, while on Wednesday, that being Her Majesty's official birthday, "God Save the Queen" was, of course, in accordance with custom, duly performed.

We have already referred to some of the opening performances at the opera. Unhappily, Madame Melba was suffering from too strong a dose of the north-east wind, and was unable to appear during the first week. On Monday, however, she was well again, and made a highly successful *rentrée* as Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème*, a part in which she won such great success at Covent Garden last year. The Rudolfo was a new tenor, Signor Bonci, from the San Carlo, Naples, and the Musetta, who sang



While thousands of Londoners were celebrating the Relief of Mafeking on Saturday, a small crowd gathered in the Central Lobby of the Houses of Parliament to witness the unveiling of a statue of Mr. Gladstone by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was the second anniversary of the great statesman's death. Among those present were Lord Russell of Kilowen, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Ripon, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and many prominent Liberals. The statue was subscribed for by Liberals throughout the country in response to a suggestion made soon after Mr. Gladstone's death.

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under the stage name of Madame "Eldée," was easily recognised as an accomplished amateur, well known in society and at charitable performances under her own name of Mrs. Duncombe. *La Bohème* had a capital performance on Monday, both as to the principal and subordinate parts. Signor Botti made a successful *début*, and will probably do better when he drops the conventional singing to the lights, of which modern Italian tenors are so fond. Madame Melba was, however, the great attraction of the evening. She was in splendid voice, her impersonation of the unhappy Mimi was vocally perfect and as dramatically interesting as w. Puccini's opera was revived for her last year.

A rapid survey of the operas of the past will suffice, without going too deeply into details. Madame Calvé has played three parts, one of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, a role which has only recently adopted; and the others Carmen of which she gave an even more marvellously full and realistic impersonation than ever Santuzza, in which a deeper note of tragedy struck. Both indeed, were very remarkable from the histrionic point of view, while although Madame Calvé from time to time was not averse to slight changes in the music, they, at any rate, were thoroughly in harmony with the situation and the spirit of the work. Among the newcomers these two works were M. Allard, who, however, was not a particularly strong Toreador; O'Mara, the Irish tenor from the Carl Rosa and who did fairly well as Turiddu, and Bensaude, an experienced Spanish baritone, who hardly well suited to the part of Alfio.

Herr Slezac, the young German tenor of whom so much was expected, duly made his *début* as Long-grin on Friday, when Frau Ternina, who, both as Elsa and as Elizabeth, again proved herself a great Wagnerian *prima donna*. Herr Carlen, who made his *début* at *Tauhnäuser* in place of Herr Kaus, whose engagement, as he suddenly declared his inability to come till June, is cancelled for the year, pluckily, though unfortunately, made his *début* when he was suffering severely from hoarseness. Two other new singers, Herr Blass, a bass with a powerful voice, and Herr Bertram, a rather rough baritone, have appeared, the one as the Landgrave and Henry the Fowler, and the other as Wolfram and Telramund. M. Imbart de la Tour, who sang Rhadamès to the very welcome Aida of Miss Macintyre, is a highly promising French tenor, who has been good-humouredly reminded that we prefer great artists to address themselves to the business of the scene rather than to apostrophise the gods. The hint will doubtless be taken. Miss Edith Walker, the American mezzo-soprano from Vienna, made a successful *début* as Amneris.

One of the successes of the week has been gained by Fraulein Scheff, a charming young Viennese *prima donna* from Munich. This

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young lady is the daughter of a once well-known *prima donna*, Frau Jaeger, and she was taught for two years at the Frankfort Conservatorium under no less eminent a professor than the distinguished *prima donna*, Frau Schröder Hanfstängl. For two and a half years since she has been at Munich, so that although she is even now barely twenty one, she has gained plenty of experience. She is a light soprano, admirably suited to the part of Nedda in *Pagliacci*, for she has a pretty voice, without much power but of good quality, a bright acting style, and a dainty figure. The performance of Leoncavallo's opera was, indeed, in many respects the best we have yet had here, for Signor Scotti proved to be a wonderfully able Tonio, both from a vocal and a dramatic point of view; while M. Salignac returns to us with a much fuller voice and more experienced style than before, playing the injured husband Canio

very forcibly. Wednesday of this week, too late for notice now, was set apart for the *début* of the much-talked-of new Australian soprano, Madame Miranda.

## NOTES AND NEWS

Among the new concert singers of the week, special interest was expressed in the *début* of Mr. Sterling Mackinlay, whose father died a year or two ago, and whose mother is the well-known contralto Madame Antoinette Sterling. The young man, who has a baritone-bass voice, hardly yet fully developed, has been for some time a pupil of the veteran teacher Señor Mañuel Garcia, and, although at present he lacks dramatic force, he is an artistic vocalist. Another interesting concert was given by M. Ysaye, with the assistance of the Queen's Hall orchestra. The Belgian

violinist played no fewer than three violin concertos at a sitting, namely, the second in E of Bach, and the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. It was a *tour de force*, not only for the executant, but also for the audience. Mr. Dawson and many others have given concerts, but to them we cannot now further refer.

A little dialogue, *Pretty Polly*, by Mr. Pasil Hood, produced at the Savoy on Saturday, is merely a sketch of a timid young man who employs a parrot to make a proposal to the lady of his choice. There is no music in this little piece, which only occupies about a quarter of an hour. The audience also expected to hear in the *Rose of Persia* Miss Decima Moore and Miss Isabel Jay, two of the recent recruits to the Savoy troupe, but, unfortunately, both were suffering from hoarseness, and one indeed was unable to appear at all.



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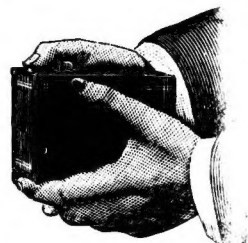
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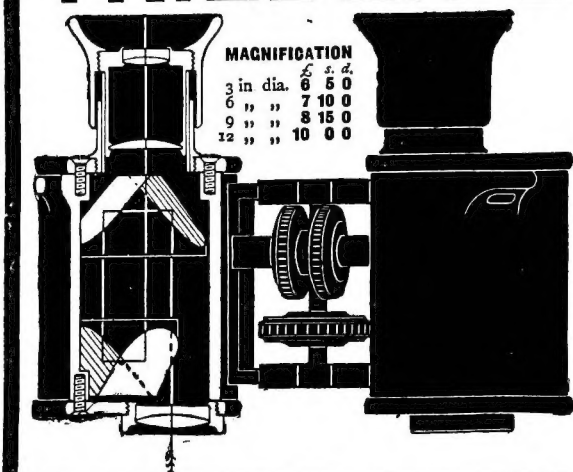


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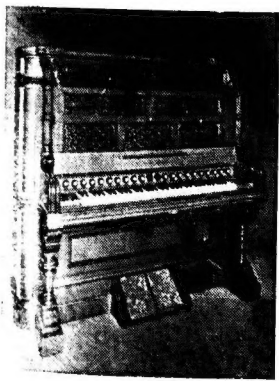
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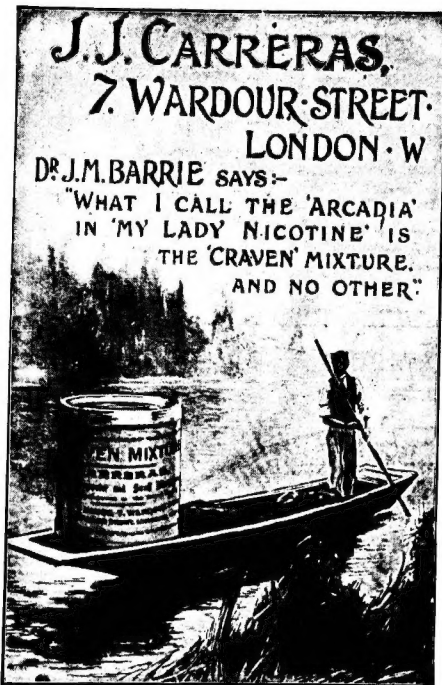
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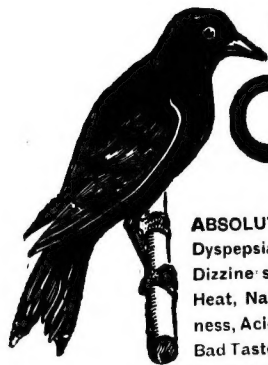
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